

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 25, 1968 40 CENTS

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By JULIUS BOROS





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Next week

REALLY NO. 1 Is the basketball team that wins the NCAA tournament in Los Angeles Joe Jurek, Curry Kirkpatrick and a group of photographers describe how the winner did it

GOLD MEDAL star Don Scholander, hero of the Tokyo Olympics and still a swimming giant at the advanced age of 21, tells Winter GE Rogin that he is only "a man who swims."

OAKLAND, with its new sports facilities, got almost as many pro teams as New York or Chicago, but happiness has not followed. Frank Deford explores a city of complexes.

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SHOPWALK

High motorbike fashion is horsehide cut to fit the way it fits the horse himself

If you believe that the ominous, skintight "leathers" worn by motorcyclists are an affectation, listen to Ross Langlitz of Portland, Ore., the world's top custom tailor of sleek jackets and breeches for the vroom-vroom crowd. "Human epidermis," says Ross, "simply wasn't designed for road riding. Prime front-quarter horsehide, lined like a second skin, should be there between you and the gravel."

For the past 22 years Langlitz has been high pusha of this esoteric sports fashion. Each Langlitz garment is a masterpiece of ingenuity fashioned by a man who first climbed on a motorcycle when he was in the eighth grade. Each is also a testimonial to a personal story of misfortune turned to good purpose. At 17 Ross Langlitz, a very promising kid racer, lost a leg in a crack-up. Despite that considerable handicap, he went on to win 47 cycling trophies in the span from 1938 to 1954, when he finally

gave up competition for trail riding and began to think about designing protective garments. Road riders soon found him, and now English, Swedish and French racers know all about him. A good percentage of his business is with Europeans. He still has Clark Gable's measurement chart on file and those of just about every other motion-picture star who has discovered the sport. From time to time—often to the distress of Ross Langlitz, who recognizes one of his Cascades or Columbias at 90 pages—some of these suits turn up in films.

"They put them on the wrong people," he mourns. "I have never liked ornamentation of any kind on our jackets. The wolves' heads, swastikas, devils, stars, bars and studs distract from the fine quality of the leather. We will never put them on any garment here in the shop. We have never knowingly made a jacket or pants for any of the Hell's Angels. Movies have it all wrong. Hell's Angels wear war-surplus jackets, cloth lewis and that sort of thing."

Langlitz is concerned with a growing tendency among riders to order custom-made leather suits in impractical colors—lambert yellow, burnt orange, bright red, dove gray, cream beige and pale blue. He

puts a warning in his catalog that makes his position clear. "We feel that colored leathers are strictly a luxury item and should be purchased with the knowledge that they will need replacing every two or three years," he advises. "No matter how fine the quality, within a matter of time when worn for motorcycling these leathers begin to look like hand-me-downs."

Langlitz leather garments are priced at around \$50 each, give or take a few dollars for special linings, paddings, stripings and two-inch belts. The overall costs \$92.50 (with such extras as full lining, padded shoulders, elbows, knees and hips \$112.50). Really fancy outfits with appliqué name on the front and such refinements as two-tone pants legs and jackets come \$5 higher than the catalog prices for standard dark brown and black. The leather alone in a Langlitz garment costs \$30. Langlitz won't expand beyond what he can do personally, and he won't sell through dealers. The address is 8220 S.E. Stark Street, Portland, Ore. 97216; phone, 503-255-3306.

"I never forget that what I'm making is not a style," says Langlitz. "It's a tough outer shell that can save a man's life."

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An Alligator Named Barney and an Angry Croc

Alligators are alligators and crocodiles are crocodiles and mostly the two don't meet. But today the sponge fishermen of Florida still recall a bloody battle fought in the Keys 70 years ago by CHARLES LAYNG

The sponge fishermen of the Florida Keys have always been a hard lot, with a taste for rough sport. Seldom if ever has that taste been more satisfactorily fulfilled than it was on July 5, 1897, when the brawlers and gamblers of the sponge fleet arranged a fight between an alligator and a crocodile.

I didn't see it, of course, but I heard about it many years later from old "Tarp" Turpin, a 'Glades fishing guide who had been a helper to "Alligator Joe" Frazer, the man who supplied the 'gator.

More than a quarter of a century after the epic battle Tarp remembered every detail and recounted each one with gusto. His tale was so tall, in fact, that I might have put it down as invention had I not been able to check a good deal of it with contemporary newspaper accounts. A woman reporter from Kissimmee named Minnie Willson had interviewed almost all of the spectators a year or so after the fight. Their testimony bore out everything Tarp said that night when a number of us were camped out and Tarp's chores were interrupted by the roar of a gator.

"That sounded like a big one," Tarp commented. "He must be 10 to 12 foot long. He wouldn't hold a candle, though, to old Barney, a 13-footer Joe Frazer and I roped over near Immokalee. Barney was so big that Joe and I decided not to skin him. Instead we put him on exhibition in a pen outside a saloon owned by a friend of ours, where everybody in town could have a look at him. Miami was only about a year old then, and there weren't more than a few hundred people there; but they all came

down to have a look at old Barney."

Tarp paused to reflect, and the rest of us filled and lit our pipes and listened to the love songs of the frogs. "One day a bunch of spongers from the Keys came up and had a look at Barney," Tarp continued. "Why that gator ain't nothing," one of them said, "I've got a crocodile I caught in Card Sound that could whomp him any day."

A group of waterfowl, startled on their roost by something in the night, let out some wild screams. One of the cranes had a voice like a boy running a stick along a picket fence. Tarp waited patiently until the fearsome racket quieted down.

"We didn't know much about crocodiles then," he went on. "They're not the same as gators, you know. There weren't any crocs here in the 'Glades, and what few there were in Florida stayed in the bays and inlets around the Keys and didn't come into fresh water. But a challenge was a challenge, and we had faith in old Barney. The sponge fishermen were all eager to bet anything they had on their croc to lick any critter. So we raised a bundle of money and bet it against their boats and nets and loaded Barney on a sloop for Matecumbe Key to go meet the croc."

"When we saw the croc we weren't so sure as we had been. He was lean and quick and ugly. Our fighter outweighed him by maybe 50 pounds, but the croc was at least half a foot longer, and he looked full of fight. When we put Barney in a pen next to his he tried to tear down a solid cypress partition to get at him."

"Well, sir, there never was such a crowd on Matecumbe Key before as

showed up the next morning to see the fight. There weren't any roads or railroad over the Keys then, but they came from everywhere, in all kinds of boats. There were dinghies and sloops and captain's gigs and just plain old dug-outs pulled up all over that beach.

"Some people wanted the fight to take place right on the beach, but we put a stop to that. We didn't want that croc running for salt water if he was getting licked. So some of the ship's carpenters built a strong pen about 40 by 40, and we roped the two beasts and dumped them inside."

The glow of the fire could hardly match the glow of old Tarp's eyes as he remembered the scene.

"If anyone thought that those critters wouldn't fight each other," he said, "it didn't take long to show he was wrong. Old Barney raised up on his legs and rushed the first thing. It looked like he expected that croc to turn tail and run like everything else did when he charged. But that crocodile not only stood his ground, he slashed at Barney with those big jaws of his. For a minute Barney seemed to change his mind about charging, and the two beasts circled each other, looking for an opening. Then Barney thought he saw one and rushed in, taking a vicious bite from the croc but giving it back with a deadly swat of his tail. That blow landed square and, though it would have killed a mule, the crocodile took it and came back for more. I'll swear the crack when it hit him was loud enough to have been heard up in Georgia."

Another of the eerie sounds that mark night in the deep Everglades stopped Tarp. It was a sound like a woman's

continued

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March 1968:
FORTUNE digs into the worldwide crisis in sulfur . . . soaring prices, secret agents, outraged customers. Who stands to gain?

In *The Great Sulfur Rush*, FORTUNE zooms in on the facts behind today's shortage—what's ahead for producers, the new competition from oil companies, and future sources, like the tiny company seeking a patent on a secret sulfur recovery process. It could make them a big dot on a lot of maps.

Also in the March FORTUNE *What U.S. Foreign Policy Has Done Right*—new perspective finds the world of 1968 less impoverished, less menaced, less divided than the world of 1948 or 1958; *Bernie Cornfeld's First Billion*—mysterious Cornfeld heads a billion-dollar operation never satisfactorily explained until now; *Motivating Men with Money*—give a lot of it to one executive and watch the others jump. But which executive?

The March FORTUNE is packed with early warning, aimed at that select group of men for whom simple news reporting is simply not enough. In FORTUNE they find out not just what has happened and what is happening, but what could and should happen. What could you do with that kind of edge?

FORTUNE

For the Men in Charge of Change

Alligator and Croc continued

scream, followed by a fierce cackle. Tarp listened until it died away, then he went on.

"Well, once again the croc sank his teeth into Barney, but the gator proved that his jaws could be a weapon, too. With one vicious bite he tore a hunk from the crocodile's neck. The two wounded reptiles separated for a moment. Barney rushed in again, lashing out with his tail, but the croc wasn't having any more of that. He kept his distance, looking for an opening. Then suddenly, as the gator turned to attack, the croc hit him full force with his snout, rearing him upward for an instant. It was just long enough to bare the gator's soft belly, and the croc's teeth raked it back and forth. Man, Barney's roar sounded like a dozen locomotives whistling for a crossing at the same time."

That was no time to stop, but Tarp went over to the mangroves and, with what seemed to us maddening slowness, cut off a few dry branches and put them on the fire.

"I'd have thought a wound like that would kill anything," Tarp went on at last, "but Barney didn't show any signs of weakening. Instead, as his opponent closed in for the kill, Barney managed to swipe him again with that still-powerful tail. Blood and guts flew around everywhere, but Barney jumped on the half-stunned crocodile and managed to clamp its lower jaw between his teeth. Trying to free himself, the croc brought down his upper jaw on Barney's head with such a crack that he knocked one eye right out of its socket, but the big gator just hung on. He didn't even stop when the croc died. Instead he kept right on until the body was shredded into chunks."

"Man, we were happy! We loaded our badly damaged champion back on the sloop and collected our bets. That big Barney was half torn to pieces himself, but durned if he didn't recover, and we had him on show at the saloon for four or five years after that."

"The Roman emperors used to stage shows like that," one of my awestruck companions muttered.

"Not like that, they didn't," Tarp protested. "There never was another fight like that. I know I was there."

Out in the night an alligator roared again, as if to say, "Yeah, man!" **END**

COACHES NEVER LOSE.

A team can lose.
Any team can lose.
But in a sense
a very real sense
a coach never loses.

For the job of a coach
is over
and finished
once the starting whistle
blows.
He knows
he's won or lost
before play starts.

For a coach has two tasks.
The minor one is to
teach skills:
to teach a boy
how to run faster
hit harder
block better
kick farther
jump higher.

The second task
the major task
is to make men
out of boys.

It's to teach an attitude
of mind.
It's to implant character
and not simply to impart
skills.

It's to teach boys to
play fair.
This goes without saying.
It's to teach them
to be humble in victory
and proud in defeat.
This goes without saying.

But more importantly
it's to teach them
to live up to their potential
no matter what this
potential is.

It's to teach them
to do their best
and never be satisfied
with what they are
but to strive to be
as good as they can be
if they tried harder.

A coach can never make a
great player
out of a boy who isn't
potentially great.
But he can make a great
competitor out of any
child.
And miraculously
he can make a man
out of a boy.

For a coach
the final score doesn't read
so many points for my team
so many points for theirs.
Instead it reads:
so many men
out of so many boys

And this is a score that
is never published.
And this is the score
that he reads to himself
and in which he finds
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So if you've got an endless list of things to carry look.

Up in the picture.



SCORECARD

POISONOUS PROSPECT

Two years ago conservationists stocked Lake Michigan with coho salmon fingerlings imported from Oregon, and by the end of last summer 20-pounders were being caught and the program was heralded as a spectacular biological success. As recently as last month authorities in the area were enthusiastically predicting that the ever-increasing fleets of coho fishermen would bring the region more than \$9 million this season.

It is bitter irony that conservationists must now report that hundreds of thousands of young salmon hatched from eggs taken from Lake Michigan coho have died. Laboratory tests show that DDT is the killer.

The DDT has washed off the land and contaminated the lake—just as it has much of the world's fresh- and marine-water environments. So pervasive is its presence that traces of it are even found in rain. Once in the water, it enters microscopic plankton, the base of the natural food chain, and is then absorbed, in increasingly concentrated amounts, by higher forms of life. It has been detected, along with several other so-called persistent pesticides, in many species of ocean and freshwater fish, in birds of prey, such as eagles, falcons and ospreys, which feed on DDT-tainted animals and fish, the pesticide inhibits reproduction. How DDT affects the highest carnivore—man—is not yet evident, but virtually everything he eats contains some of it.

Michigan is now taking action to prevent further pesticide pollution in its waters and is asking neighboring states to cooperate. "People had better heed the warning," says one biologist. "Even if we were able to completely curtail the use of it today, it would take 100 years to purge Lake Michigan of DDT."

OLYMPIC GAMBLE

What with the South African contretemps, they may not need it, but the Russians are going ahead anyway with

an Olympic lottery. Tickets are being sold in towns all over Russia, on streets, in bars, shops, cafés and railway stations. Authorities expect to collect some 50 million rubles (\$55 million); 30 million rubles will be returned in prizes such as cars, motorcycles, scooters, tape recorders and radios. Tickets cost one ruble each, and the proceeds will be used to finance the Olympic team and to build additional sports facilities.

BENT ON CHANGE

With the exception of goalies and centers, almost every player in the National Hockey League is now using a curved stick. The trend started about six years ago when players like Stan Mikita began to soak their sticks in water and bend the blades. The bent blade made the puck behave something like a knuckle ball. Sticks are now custom-curved by the manufacturer to each player's specifications. Mikita has the most severe hook in the league, and Bobby Hull is next.

There is no rule against curved blades nor any regulation specifying the maximum degree of curve permitted, but a number of NHL goalies—who are being befuddled by and hit with dancing pucks—say there better be, and quick.

"The curved stick is dangerous," Oakland's Charlie Hodge says. "Players can't control their shots." Detroit's Roy Edwards complains, "It's impossible to follow a puck. The only chance a goalie has is for the puck to hit him."

Ed Johnston of the Bruins declares, "If they don't do something to restrict the curved blade, somebody is going to get hurt badly and not just the goaltender. The way the puck takes off now the players don't know which way to duck. After all, players shoot at 100 miles per hour. It's enough that a goaltender has to stop a puck at that speed."

Wayne Rutledge of Los Angeles has suggested the goalies go on strike to get the big curve banned. The Canadiens' Rogatien Vachon does not go along with

that idea because he says the curved blade has made hockey faster and "that's what the people want." But he suggests league officials should compensate the goalies by making the nets smaller. Pittsburgh's Hank Bassen says all goaltenders will have to wear masks because of the new hazard they face. Perhaps the most novel solution is the one proposed by Dave Dryden of the Black Hawks. "What we need," he says, "is a curved stick for goalies. That way we can fire back at them."

BOTTOMS UP

Somewhere on the snow-covered peak of Africa's 19,340-foot Mt. Kilimanjaro is a case of Canadian Club whiskey that is getting to be more trouble than it is worth.

The adventure-minded Hiram Walker company announced in some tongue-in-cheek advertising a few months ago that it had parachuted a shock-proof package of its product onto the mountain's summit last July. The advertisements challenged readers to recover the case and gave laborious instructions on how to get it.

But whiskey-mad Kilimanjaro climbers have turned out to be more numerous and determined than the com-



pany anticipated. The Kenya and Tanzania embassies in Washington, Hiram Walker offices and several African contacts named in the ads have been inundated with letters, some requesting more information, some asking for expedition subsidies and some complaining about fruitless climbs. One irate woman cabled: "I'm here. Where's whiskey?" The Mountain Club of Kenya, consid-

continued



This is what a Sears Steel Radial Tire looks like after 32,782 miles on a Chicago taxi.

Right now it's safer than new tires that come on most 1968 cars.

If you want to be mean to a tire, try running it regged, day-in, day-out, on a taxi. In Chicago We tried.



How much should you be after 32,782 miles?

Take a look at that tire again. It still has more than 65 per cent of its safe tread life remaining. It should be good for another 60,000 miles. Or more.

When ordinary tires are good only as flower planters, The Sears Steel Radial Tire is more cut-resistant, rupture-resistant, and blowout-resistant than ordinary tires when they rolled off the new-car showroom floor.

Which may help explain why people kick the tires when they're buying a car.

The Steel Radial Tire has two belts of steel under the tread



Two steel belts under the tread.

for extra strength. It has more steering control than ordinary tires.

It has more traction,

safer cornering, better braking.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

modestly guarantees it for

40,000 miles.

In The Steel Radial Tire, rayon

cords run straight down the sidewalls and across the tread

So the sidewall is free to flex without the same distortion in the tread

The tread is built in a new way, too—reinforced with two continuous belts of steel which run around the circumference

of the tire like a hoop or girdle

That means more flexibility in the sidewalls. More rigidity in the tread area.

The tire keeps its tread flat on the road. A longer footprint than ordinary tires. About the difference between a size 9 shoe and a size 11 shoe.

That means better traction

Better traction means greater steering control, safer cornering, better braking

The Steel Radial Tire doesn't waste rubber wiggling around on the road. There's less rolling resistance. Which means you get more available horsepower.

That could add up to as much as 10 per cent better gas mileage

The Steel Radial Tire has up to 39 per cent more resistance to sliding out on wet curves

More grip on ice, too

What more could you ask of a tire?

Depending on the size you need, The Sears Steel Radial Tire

sells for \$45.08 to \$54.32 each, with your old tire. Federal Excise

Tax included

You never have to haggle about price at Sears. That's the advertised price. That's the selling price

No extra charge for mounting. No Money Down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

You can pay \$75 or more for a tire and you won't get more tire than this one.

From anyone.

Anywhere. We put the Sears guarantee right in our ad.

And when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

We want to sell you a tire that will get you home safely

You may want to buy other things from us.

Sears guarantees the Sears Radial Tire when used with Sears Radial Tubes on passenger cars or station wagons

If tread wears off or if tire fails from road hazards before 40,000 miles, we will, at our option, exchange it for a new tire or give you a refund, charging in either case only for the mileage received

If tire fails from defects during the life of the original tread, we will exchange it for a new tire, charging only for tread worn

Charges will be pro-rata share of then current regular selling price plus F.E.T.

Nail punctures repaired at no charge

Sears

ALLSTATE

You can't do better than Sears.

Remember CAMPUS®

You can forget about the shorts.



You're walking along with your favorite girl. She gives you several appreciative sidelong glances. Why not. You look pretty sharp. Your Campus walking shorts are crisply tailored, wrinkle-free. Apt to stay that way, too, because they're Never-Iron Permanent Press. And spills and stains come out in one washing. Dual-Action Scotchgard, a special Soil Release for permanent press is responsible for that. Blue. Natural. Olive. Gold. Sizes 28-42. A blend of 50% Fortrel® 50% cotton. About \$5. Get them. Forget them. You've better things to think about. If you can't find Campus Shorts where you shop, write Campus Sportswear, 3955 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44115.

CAMPUS chooses
Scotchgard 3M

"DUAL ACTION" FABRIC PROTECTOR
Soil Release for permanent press

SCORECARD continued

ering the nondiscovery a blot on its honor, mounted a full-scale search. But the expedition failed. The whiskey is now believed buried under shifting snows, to be found only if the snows of Kilmanjaro melt, as some geologists predict they will, sometime in the next 50 years.

SOFT SELL

The State of North Carolina is running a series of advertisements in *The Wall Street Journal* to attract businessmen and industry to the area. The text of an ad that appeared earlier this month said, "The percentage of man days lost by North Carolina manufacturing workers in 1966 was only .02%." One reason to consider North Carolina for your new plant. And here's another good reason:

The photograph below showed five basketball players from North Carolina colleges—four of them white and one Negro.

What subtle message was North Carolina trying to convey?

"Livability," says J. W. York, the chairman of the state's Department of Conservation and Development. "It's a soft-sell idea, and we've had wonderful response to it."

And does livability have something to do with integration? "Sure," York replied. "That's the reason we put the Negro in there. It's to show we have no integration problem down here. You have it up North. We want people to know we have Negroes on our basketball teams and in our colleges. They get the same treatment as white folks."

Four of the five colleges represented by players in the advertisement—Davidson, Duke, North Carolina and Wake Forest—have only one Negro on their basketball teams, and in each case he is the first member of his race in the school's history to play basketball. The fifth college, North Carolina State, has never had a Negro on its basketball team.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

Mascot trading is a tradition in England and serves a somewhat more worthy purpose than such activity in the U.S. The mascots, usually stuffed or metal animals of varying sizes, are kidnaped and then ransomed, the proceeds going to charity. "These are well-planned, militarylike maneuvers," a member of the student union at Queen Mary College in London explains. "We get building plans of other schools and map out com-

continued

the 1968 shoe



It's time your feet caught up with the rest of you. There you are rocketing around in a four-inch hee or a turtleneck and...those sturdy, sensible shoes. C'mon, man, get with

it. Get yourself some Dingo boots from Acme Dingo's go everywhere today's clothes go, but with a little more flair, a lot more style. Aren't they a lot more you?

A dingo
DINGO IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK

Show: The DINGO in Spanish Brandy. For your nearest dealer write Dept. E1, Acme Boot Co., Inc., Clarksville, Tennessee 37040. A subsidiary of Philadelphia and Reading Corporation.



Miller makes it right!

Patience is the watchword in the brewing of Miller High Life — from the harvesting of the finest barley, to the precise moment when the final brew reaches the peak of perfection. Only this way can Miller High Life keep faith with you — and the millions like you who have come to expect the best from Miller. In bottles, cans, on draft — always right!



plicated sorters. Our own mascot committee set out this year to break the old national record of 12 captured within one school session, and we succeeded. We got 13 in all."

The committee's booty includes a metal lion, a stuffed alligator, a nine-foot-tall dinosaur, a stuffed owl, a stuffed pelican and a large toy caterpillar. The students believe they will raise \$3,000 from the offended parties, with the money going to an organization that finances African education.

Unfortunately mascots are occasionally damaged in transit. Queen Mary College's own mascot is a 10-foot-long concrete leopard. A number of years ago the leopard was unmistakably male, but he had the misfortune of being the target of a rather violent kidnapping attempt made by another college. Now the leopard's name is Mary.

HARDLY A FAIR FLIP

In the National Basketball Association's college draft, to be held in May, a flip of a coin will determine which of the last-place finishers—the Eastern or Western Division team—will get the first draft choice. Thus San Diego, which will finish last in the Western Division with a 15-65 record, can lose out to Baltimore, the last-place finisher in the East, which has won 36 and lost 45. Chicago and Seattle, which are expansion clubs like San Diego, and also in the Western Division, will end up with fewer wins than Baltimore.

The point of the draft system is to build up the weaker teams. It's pretty obvious who is weak this year—hardly a toss-up.

TOUGH GAME

Cò Tuong, which is sometimes called elephant chess, is the most popular game in Southeast Asia, and to the Vietnamese it is considered a yardstick of a man's intellectual stature. A more complicated version of chess, it is played in every Vietnamese village. The chief of Phong Bac, a hamlet about 15 kilometers from Danang, told William Lederer, co-author of *The Ugly American*: "Perhaps I am the hamlet chief because I play Cò Tuong well." In his new book, *Our Own Worst Enemy*, to be published in May by W. W. Norton & Company Inc. (\$4.95), Lederer relates how the marines in Phong Bac became experts in the chess game and used the skill to win over the vil-

continued

For anyone who likes to ski, hunt, fish, sail, etc., etc., etc.



Wouldn't you like to live where the sun always shines . . . or where the mountains are . . . or close to the sea?

We're the organization that can find you a job near your favorite recreation area.

No other Professional Employment Service can come close to offering you such wide-ranging opportunities. Of our more than 300 offices coast to coast, over 150 are near oceans and inland waterways; 50 are near the best hunting areas; dozens are close to great skiing, camping and other leisure-time activities. Over 3,000 Snelling and Snelling specialists can be put to work finding you that perfect job.

The first step is to figure out what you'd like to be doing and what you'd like to be near. If you don't want to move to a new community, we have a fine job for you locally.

We put the opportunities right in your lap, you check them out to your own satisfaction, and make your choice. If you need help, we'll counsel you at no charge.

It's as easy as looking us up in the white pages and calling for an interview.

Snelling Snelling
Professional Employment Service
World's Largest Professional Employment Service

THE "We land at Milan in an hour" SHOE



Fly to another country. Walk to another office. Either way it's better going in this latest 'new' from Florsheim. The lightest slip-on we've ever made shows the character of today's broader toe, masculine stitched front, obvious flexibility. Like nothing you have now. Feel great in something new—from Florsheim!

Most regular styles \$195 to \$275 / Most Imperial styles \$375

FLORSHEIM

NEW SHOES FROM A TRUSTED NAME

Shown: The CHALET, 30133, gold olympic cell, in chestnut, 30131; black, 20150

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 60606 • MAKERS OF THE JAGS FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF STELLI ASSOCIATES

SCORECARD *continued*

lage. "At first we did not like the marines," the hamlet chief explained. "We did not like them because the Americans had bombed and burned our villages. We also did not like the marines because they would go through the streets giving everyone chewing gum, cigarettes, candy, things to eat and toys to the children. We Vietnamese are very proud, and we do not want to be beggars. One of the worst insults in our country is to call someone a beggar."

Left alone, the marines decided on the Cò Tòng tactic. Lieut. Colonel William R. Corson instructed his troops in the intricacies of the game, and when they had mastered it the marines announced they would sponsor a Cò Tòng tournament. The winner would receive a radio. On the night of the tournament 1,500 people came to Phong Bae to watch. The hamlet chief won the championship. "After I had won, and the people were still congratulating me," the chief told Lederer, "Colonel Corson came through the crowd and spoke to me in Vietnamese. He asked me if I would give him the honor of playing Cò Tòng with him. I did not want to because I was the champion and had already proved myself; and also I did not wish to get intimate with an American marine. But there was no way out. I had to play. The game lasted for an hour. It ended in a draw. But I knew that Colonel Corson could have beaten me if he wanted to."

In succeeding days the marines began to play the game in the village, and after several weeks their obvious enjoyment in competing had impressed the villagers. Subsequently they were invited into village homes and were called on to supervise the fishing and hog-raising efforts of the local peasants. Lederer says the Phong Bae experiment became the pattern for Marine village programs and that, in his opinion, these are "the only successful American projects of any kind whatsoever in Vietnam."

THEY SAID IT

- Ara Parseghian, Notre Dame football coach, when asked by a golfer what his handicap is. "I'm half Armenian."
- Captain John Ridgway, who plans to sail the Atlantic alone this summer: "It may mean the end of me, but I think if you are going to die it will happen in any event, whether you are crossing the Atlantic or driving your car."

END

At last! A pouch that gives you tobacco so fresh it's like buying it in a vacuum-packed can.



You've visited the top! So that's how every pouch of Kentucky Club is absolutely airtight. We're the only people in the world who have this marvelous new pouch. Which means we're the only people in the world who can guarantee you fresh tobacco (48% richer in fact, than any tobacco you've ever bought in regular pouches *).

It's astonishing how much better tobacco tastes when it's really fresh. Like to see for yourself? Just send us an empty, old-fashioned pouch of the tobacco you now smoke (any brand but ours) and we'll send you a full pouch of ours. Free. We think you'll enjoy it so much you'll never smoke stale again.

Send me a Box S Wheeling (W. Va.) pouch of tobacco I want to smoke fresh. I'll send you an old-fashioned pouch. Please send me a full, airtight pouch - full.

Name

Address

City State Zip

It's like filling your pipe at our factory.



PO Box
Wheeling

*As determined by independent testing laboratory. Please contact: Office of Consumer Affairs, U.S. Food & Drug Administration.

IT'S AMERICA—AT LAST

As the World Cup tour came to Aspen, Billy Kidd defeated that French guy and Canada's Nancy Greene swept the girls off the slope during the best weekend in memory for North American skiing

by DAN JENKINS

One of the less familiar sights in sport, something that ranks right up there with the Green Bay Packers losing a football game, is an American male winning a big international ski race, the kind with your Jean-Claude Killys and your Karl Schranzes in it. American racers usually spend their time trying to make a fourth-place finish seem absolutely immortal. Every two or three years, however, one of them will come along, like a Bud Werner, a Chuck Ferris, a Jimmy Heuga or a Billy Kidd, and for one glorious day, either on some strange Alp or on a high Rocky, a lonely American will outski a major European field. Such an afternoon came last week in Aspen, Colo., in the Roch Cup, when Billy Kidd finally beat the whole world again, including, yeah, J. C. Killy. And it was so neat a victory, in fact, with Kidd taking both the slalom and the combined championships, that for a few hours it made the U.S. fan want to do a lot of those corny, patriotic things like kiss mom, eat some pie and stop swearing at Coach Bob Beattie.

As a matter of fact, it was, schuss for schuss, one of the giddiest weekends in history for U.S. skiers. Not only did Kidd defeat Killy and all of the other glamorous madcaps of world racing on a long, tough, tricky slalom hill that had good racers falling out like wounded soldiers, but 4,750 miles away another American was pulling off an equally improbable victory. In Oslo, at the Holmenkollen, John Bower, a 27-year-old ski coach from Middlebury College, won the Nordic combined, the first time

an American had won any Holmenkollen Nordic event in 76 years. Bower had been 13th at Grenoble in the combination 15-km. cross-country and 70-meter jump. When Bob Beattie heard the news he said, "It's as if I won the Masters."

At the same time, back in Aspen, Kidd was getting set up for a good shot at the Roch Cup combined title. He finished fourth in the downhill race on Friday, while two of his pals, Kenny Phelps and Spider Sabich, placed in the top seven. Three Americans in the first seven of a World Cup downhill, you say? Could that be a put-on? No. And right there was enough, by normal standards, to have made Aspen a happy occasion for the beleaguered U.S.

But there was even more. In between the downhill performance and Kidd's slalom victory five American girls, led by grinning Kiki Cutter in third place, finished among the first nine in a women's World Cup slalom. That slalom was taken by that terrific *novik* North American, Nancy Greene, winner of last year's World Cup. Nancy had come to Aspen with an Olympic gold medal in giant slalom that had put her back into World Cup contention but 49 points behind Isabelle Mir of France. By sweeping the downhill, the slalom and Sunday's giant slalom, she earned 75 cup points and began to look uncatchable.

The old mining town of Aspen—because of its superb mountains, snow, accommodations, food and fun—had been designated from the start of the season as an important stop on the World Cup schedule. Only the Grenoble Olympics had more events counting toward

the overall season championships, which the World Cup provides for ski racing. As a result, the only thing longer than a lift line was a dinner line, and the only thing shorter than the skirt on your waitress was her smile. But the resort wound up doing exactly what it was expected to do, serving as a splashy host to the elite of sking, and providing a decisive juncture in the World Cup competitions.

Kidd's success, for example, boosted him back into at least a decent fifth position in the overall cup standings, and Kiki Cutter moved into fifth in slalom and eighth overall. Both Kidd and Cutter are better than this, as even the French and Austrians know, and they may be able to prove it in the remaining World Cup events in Rosslund, B.C. and Heavenly Valley, Calif., all of which follow next week's five-nation American International team races at Sun Valley.

More important as far as the men are concerned is that Jean-Claude Killy did what surprised no one, wrapping up the overall World Cup championship with a slightly unglittering third in the Aspen downhill while at the same time losing the individual downhill cup to Austria's ageless, easygoing Gerhard Nennig, which surprised everybody.

Last year Killy won all of the crystal available to him in the World Cup with a perfect score, meaning three victories each in downhill, slalom and giant slalom.

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTHEW J. NERMAN

After both had won in slalom, Nancy Greene, sporting a shamrock, gets her from Kidd.





lom. So far he has equaled that feat in giant slalom only, largely because of his victories at Grenoble and at Meribel just before fighting his way through a few thousand autographs en route to Aspen. He still has a chance to win the slalom cup from Switzerland's Dumeng Giovanoli. But the downhill belongs to Nennung, who merely won three of the four he ran this year on some of the most famed courses in the world. Killy beat him only in the Olympics, where Gerhard was ninth, a performance that still has the Austrians mystified.

At Aspen it was Nennung's starting number, 3, that made the difference on a sunlit course, which Killy claimed had softened by the time he came out of the gate in the No. 12 spot. "There were big holes, and I couldn't hold my line," Killy said. "I would have won with a lower number."

You would think that Killy could care less about having a win or a loving cup escape him now and then, since he is certainly the greatest racer ever and one who has practically become a Frank Sinatra in stretches. Killy has enormous pride, however, the kind that kept him training and in hiding in tempting old Aspen and that seems to make him flame almost uncontrollably down every course he gets on. He simply doesn't like to lose, ever, and believes there must be a frosty reason when he does.

In Aspen Jean-Claude had in a large apartment at the Coachlight Chalet with Manelle Gotschel, her sister Christine and Christine's husband, Jean Béranger, the French women's coach. He played cards, slept and, as the mood struck him, autographed things sent up to him. He cooked his own meals—steaks and trout, mostly. The longest he got out in public anywhere, aside from on the slopes, was an hour at the Red Onion for a Calcutta pool on the downhill race. After Austria's Karl Schranz had sold for an impressive \$2,200, Killy showed a flash of his natural good humor. To a friend, he said, "Well, now, I must sell for at least five thousand, eh?" Funny thing was, he did.

Killy's mere presence in the field and the more important fact that has com-

petitors are running out of opportunities to beat him before he retires were the obvious things that made Billy Kidd's victory so exceedingly delicious. It also probably increased by several hours the life expectancy of Bob Beattie, the hard-working U.S. coach who spends most of his time being criticized, misunderstood and unappreciated. "Where can I find a manual on how to conduct a winning interview?" Beattie joked. And, finally, it partly began to compensate Billy Kidd for his sad fate in Grenoble.

Billy had looked like a sure bet for some kind of Olympic medal this year. He had proved he could fight back from a series of injuries, including a broken leg, by consistently finishing among the top five in slalom and giant slalom in the pre-Grenoble races. And without even trying for speed "I'm not really hustling," he confided then, "just building some confidence." He honestly felt as he went up to Chamrousse that he was poised for a gold medal in something, Killy or no Killy, and he felt it right up to the instant he fell during nonstop downhill practice and suffered another ankle sprain. After that, except for the day he rather miraculously had the fastest second run in giant slalom with a pound of tape on his foot, Kidd had a dismal stay in France.

The worst day of all had been in the last event held in the fog, the hidden-gate slalom. In what was his last Olympic event—he will continue racing only through 1970—Kidd crashed, going all out, in the first heat and slowly came wandering out of the gray haze to sit and suffer for, and in the midst of, his tearful parents, sister and little brother, Peter. "I already had a silver," he said. "It was a gold or nothing."

But this was all behind him last week in Colorado, when his ankle was finally back in shape again and the big-time race atmosphere had engulfed Aspen. "You really get up when it's like this," he said in midweek. "Just Killy being here after winning three gold medals makes it. I'm running out of chances, you know. Even if I have a really good year next year it won't be the same because he's quitting."

The first heat of the slalom on Saturday had elements that made it almost as goofy as the one in the French fog. It was long and old-fashioned, without rhythm, with crazy combinations and tight, almost illegal gates that the rac-

ers could barely get between. The course had been set by Anderl Molterer, the 36-year-old ex-Austrian star who now instructs at Aspen and races in the pro league. Molterer, who still has a golden mane for hair, was a forerunner and had obviously set a course for himself. The pros love to have themselves clocked when they forerun against the class amateurs, and they usually rip out all of the poles trying to win the race, unofficially. Most often they are three or four seconds behind the winner. This time, however, Molterer wiggled through his own funny gates in a time that encouraged him to dance around, accepting a lot of congratulations.

As Molterer celebrated, the poor competitors up on the hill were failing, missing gates and being disqualified or barely surviving. Killy, displaying his noted acrobatic skill on the mystery course, grabbed a two-second lead on the field, almost three seconds ahead of Kidd and, for what it's worth, five seconds ahead of Molterer. "I really feel like I'm on 'em today," Kidd said between runs, "but Killy has too big a lead."

It wasn't big enough. Kidd's second run, down a long and difficult but far more conventional course set by Swiss Coach George Gruenfelder, was as good as he may ever ski. Down the first 10 gates at the top the watches had him so much faster than anyone else the coaches who held them thought they needed Murrie. Through a middle section that deceptively invited speed, he was cautious. Then he fired again at the finish—hailed, as the racers say—took the lead and waited for Killy.

Kidd's splendid run had averaged about two seconds faster than others who had come down, so Killy could not cool it even if something like that ever entered his mind, which it didn't once he was out of the gate and plunging as always. Well, if Killy did it like that all the way, Kidd was surely no better than second. Just then Jean-Claude slid off the course past a gate halfway up the hill and did a full stop. He got back quickly and spun downward again, but in that instant Billy Kidd had won a big race for the U.S. Not even Jean-Claude Killy, virtually diving down the course again now, could make up enough time to pull it out. But, you know, he almost did anyhow, which is why it is so seldom a Billy Kidd has a day like the one in Aspen. **END**

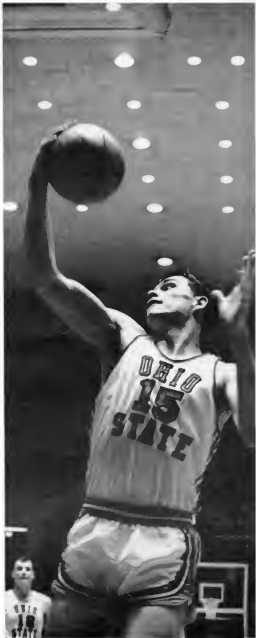
In the slalom Billy Kidd (No. 8) barrels down toward Aspen and Nancy Grana heads for the second of her three World Cup wins. Killy's best performance was in the kitchen.

A SLEEPER SNEAKS INTO THE NCAA CAST

Duplicating last season's act by another long shot from Ohio, the Buckeyes join UCLA, Houston and Carolina in the final round. Now all games in Los Angeles are hard to predict, a fine way to end things

by JOE JARES

Taking a rebound here at Lexington, powerful Dave Sorenson hit the seconds-to-go basket that put Ohio State on the plane to the Coast.





Not many rival coaches are going to get teary-eyed about it, but this has been a trying season for UCLA's John Wooden. Opening at his alma mater, Purdue, he saw his defending national champion Bruins almost get upset by a so-so team having a very good night. Lew Alcindor suffered a scratched eyeball in the first game with California, and shortly afterward Houston heat UCLA in the Astrodome spectacular. Then Forward Edgar Lacey quit the team (he is now playing AAU ball for a potato-chip company). And Houston, not UCLA, finished on top of the wire-service polls. Still, there are a few things to be salvaged from this season. The Bruins have won 14 straight since their Dome defeat, and Friday night, in the semifinals of the NCAA tournament, they get another chance at the Texans.

The NCAA cast at Los Angeles is practically the same as it was at Louisville in 1967: UCLA vs. Houston and North Carolina vs. a sleeper from the state of Ohio. Last year Dayton sneaked in the back door and made it past Carolina to the finals. Now Ohio State has climbed the tournament ladder and squeezed through an upstairs window.

A couple of weeks ago the Buckeyes themselves thought they were all through. Iowa, with a half-game lead in the Big Ten race, had only to beat Michigan at home to clinch the championship and move on to the Midwest Regional. Ohio State Captain Bill Hackett thought a ticket for the regional games, fully expecting to be a spectator. But Iowa lost, and Ohio State won the subsequent play-off on a neutral court.

No matter. The regional was in Lexington, and home team Kentucky, the SEC champ, just does not lose basketball games in Lexington. Not with Adolph Rupp sitting there. Furthermore, these particular Buckeyes were certainly not reincarnations of the super Ohio State athletes of the early '60s: Jerry Lucas, John Havlicek, Mel Nowell *et al.*—who won one NCAA title and finished second twice. In fact, a scout for

one of their opponents who saw them play Georgia Tech earlier in the season said, "I thought then I'd like to make my living playing them."

Now he is not so sure. Ohio State beat East Tennessee last Friday night in a so-so game while Kentucky was impressively mashing Marquette. Al McGuire, the Marquette coach, had attempted to stir up his outmanned team by jousting verbally with Rupp at a Thursday night banquet, but the guy who got stirred up was Kentucky center Dan Issel. He beat Marquette's center badly.

Issel probably should have saved some energy for the following night. While he wilted repeatedly between rest periods on the bench, Ohio State whipped Kentucky in nearly every category, including points. The game was close all the way and the Wildcats had a one-point lead with 28 seconds left, but they erred by not fouling in order to gain possession. Ohio State would have been allowed one free throw, so Kentucky would only have risked having the game tied in exchange for a chance at the last shot. Instead, Ohio State got it. A member of State's tall, muscular front line, 6' 7" Dave Sorenson, hit a five-foot fall-away jumper with three seconds left to win the game 82-81 and send himself and his teammates on an unexpected trip to the Coast.

There, in the Sports Arena, the Buckeyes will battle Carolina for the right to play the Houston-UCLA winner in the final. They threw their coach, Fred Taylor, in the shower after the Kentucky victory, but Fred likely will have a quiet, nonceremonial bath at his hotel after the Carolina game. The Tar Heels learned their lesson last year from Dayton: "Now it's us against the Cinderellas again," said Coach Dean Smith. "Cinderella Dayton took us out last year when we were looking ahead. We'll be ready this time."

Carolina is a veteran, tournament-toughened team. The Tar Heels beat Oregon State in the Far West Classic in

continued

Portland, scraped through the annual Atlantic Coast Conference playoffs, easily took undefeated St. Bonaventure and then state rival Davidson in the East Regional. The Bonnies were the flop of the tournament (a good, young Columbia team annihilated them in the consolation game), but Davidson stayed with North Carolina right to the end, even without one of its best players, sophomore Doug Cook, who was injured. "I'm not but 35 years old and I'm going to be up there someday soon," said Davidson's Lefty Driesell afterward. "I've got most of these boys back and some of them may be with me when we win this whole thing."

Right now, however, North Carolina is up there, led by All-America Larry Miller. Everyone knew Miller was a fine clutch player, but the surprise for the Tar Heels at Raleigh was Center Rusty Clark, who had 22 points and 17 rebounds against Davidson and did a good defensive job on St. Bonaventure's Bob Lanier. Carolina should get by Ohio

State, most likely by using its half-court pressure defense to harass the Buckeye guards, who are not in a class with the front line of Hosket, Sorenson and Steve Howell.

North Carolina, like Ohio State, has a proud basketball tradition, and the players bitterly remember being run off the floor twice last year at Louisville, while their fans, with admirable sportsmanship but depressing effect, yelled, "We're No. 4, we're No. 4!" Miller especially embarrassed himself last year, making only five of 20 shots in each game. "I am going to have a good game the first night," he said, "and then we'll worry about UCLA or Houston. Last year we came out of the ACC tournament, played sloppily in the Eastems and felt lucky to even be in the final four. Then everybody said we didn't have a chance to beat UCLA and we just kept thinking about that. Dayton made us look terrible. This time nobody knows if UCLA is going to win against Houston. I don't know either. But the winner of that game is bound to have a letdown the second night. We may be in there to see just what happens."

North Carolina's opponent should be UCLA, seeking its fourth NCAA championship in five years on what used to be its home floor. The Bruins won the West Regional at Albuquerque, but they looked flat in a 58-49 victory over slow-it-up New Mexico State and didn't have much competition from Santa Clara, leading by 17 points at half time and winning by 21. UCLA was no doubt looking forward to Houston.

There will be no drastic style changes by Wooden (after all, UCLA lost by only two points and shot badly in the Dome game), although he mischievously brought up the possibility of a Bruin stall. "I prefer to run," he said, smiling, "but let's not rule it out. Let's give Houston something to think about anyway."

Without leg irons or an anchor, UCLA probably is not going to be able to hold down Elvin Hayes. One team did limit him to 12 points, but that was with a slowdown game. However, Houston's best passer, George Reynolds, is ineligible for the tournament, and his replacement, Vern Lewis, the coach's son, does not penetrate defenses nearly as well, nor will he be able to get the ball to Hayes as often. And considering the



Cheney's hustle forced 13 Louisville errors.

way Center Ken Spain shot against Louisville (four for 15), Alcindor should be able to drop off him and help against Elvin or the Cougars' other jump shooter, Theodis Lee.

Next to keeping Elvin's point total below his 41-a-game average so far in the tournament, UCLA's biggest defensive worry is screening Houston off the boards, not allowing the second, third and fourth shots often managed by Hayes, Spain and Lee. But there is no reason to think the Bruins will be less effective at this than they were in the Dome, when they limited Spain and Lee to one field goal apiece.

Houston, of course, has a few defensive headaches, too—mainly, how to stop a healthy Alcindor, who made 15 of 21 shots from the floor against New Mexico State and Santa Clara. If the Cougars again collapse on Lew, it is unlikely that Forward Lynn Shackelford will be as cold as he was in Houston. And Mike Warren and Lucius Allen have proved their ability to hit from outside against a Houston-style zone defense.

Still, Wooden believes that no team wins by outside shooting alone. Alcindor will be maneuvering for the close-in shots that he seldom misses (since his eye trouble cleared up, anyway). Once he puts



in a few little hooks and short jumpers, the other four will start cutting through the zone, as it says, for layups and quick pops. Allen is superb at this.

Critics of Houston, perhaps dismayed at the idea of a Texas team winning the NCAA title for the second time in three years (Texas at El Paso won in 1966), make snide remarks about the quality of the Cougars' opposition. It is true that in squashing such teams as Sacramento State, Lamar Tech and Centenary (twice), Houston played a schedule that did not rate among the hundred toughest in the country. But few good teams were willing to play the independent Cougars, and those that dared—Marshall, Brigham Young, Marquette—were beaten just like the Lamar Techs, although not quite as easily.

The latest quality victim, Missouri Valley champion Louisville, was taken apart 91-75 last Friday night in the Midwest Regional at Wichita. The Cardinals had won their last 12 games and had good height and shooting and All-America Westley Unseld. Fans who came from the bourbon and horse country, accustomed to photo finishes, brought along Cardiac Cardinals Survival Kits full of candy pills ("for game-time jitters"). Asperin would have been more practical. The Cards were held scoreless for more than six minutes of the first half and the Cougars dominated the backboards and the game.

"I've never seen a team hit the offensive boards the way they do," said Louisville Coach John Dromo, "and I never want to see another one unless it's my own."

The Cougars played a 1-3-1 zone, with Elvin underneath to block shots and pull down practically every defensive rebound and 6'5" Guard Don Chaney at the top of the key, using his sideline-to-sideline wingspread to force at least 13 Louisville turnovers. He has a knack of reaching around opponents and knocking the ball away with arms that belong on a seven-footer. The zone kept the middle too clogged up for Unseld to operate efficiently, but against UCLA it may not work; because of his height, Alcindor has another dimension available to him. As for Chaney, it is doubtful that he will cause UCLA's Warren and Allen as much grief as he caused Louisville's guards.

Hayes had a marvelous night against

Louisville, scoring 35 points and taking 24 rebounds (two more than Unseld). The next night, against TCU, he had 39 points and 25 rebounds, prompting Coach Johnny Swann to say, "Of all the players I have ever seen, he ranks at the top. He is a panther." Though he probably can, Elvin does not make tricky moves to the basket. He does not leave to. He is 6'8"-plus and a deadly shooter, so he just gets good position, takes a pass, turns, and flips a fallaway jumper. Only a perfectly timed leap by somebody like Alcindor will block his shot.

"I am a more settled player than I was last year at Louisville, when Alcindor forced me out of my normal game," said Hayes. "I won't be forced out of it this time even though I know Alcindor will be much stronger physically than he was at Houston."

As interesting as the Hayes-Alcindor duel promises to be, hearing what Elvin

has to say afterward will be almost as entertaining. He has a cocky, refreshing and sometimes shocking way of blurring out whatever observations happen to fast-break through his mind. At the NCAA tournament last year he said his teammates had choked. Last week he predicted that if Houston and UCLA reached the semis again, he and his friends would win by a bigger margin than in the Astrodome.

One morning recently the Wheaties people were entertaining a group of basketball All-Americans at a breakfast in Minneapolis. Sitting with Hayes were Unseld of Louisville, Pete Maravich of LSU and a company official sporting a Wheaties emblem on his blazer. A waitress came around to take orders.

"Kellogg's Corn Flakes," said Elvin.

Everyone laughed. Somebody will laugh at his UCLA game prediction, too afterward.

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Tried but jubilant: Scott, Clark and Smith eling to each other after victory over Davidson



BIG BLAZE IN THE MIGHTY BURNER

Sophomore quarter-miler Larry James set a new indoor world record and anchored his mile-relay team to victory as Villanova won a surprisingly easy NCAA championship from favored Southern California by PETE AXTHELM

It had been a slow 1:52 half mile but Villanova's Dave Patrick acted as if he had just run three seconds faster, beaten Jim Ryun by 30 yards and broken his own indoor world record. He rushed into the tunnel alongside the track at Detroit's Cobo Arena and threw an arm around teammate Frank Murphy, who had finished second. "We did it!" he shouted. "We did our job, Frank." The time? "I didn't even hear it," Patrick said. "I guess it was pretty slow. But that doesn't matter—not this weekend."

All that mattered to the Villanova captain was who won and who placed in each event of the NCAA indoor championships. Southern California, with stars like Bob Seagren and Lennox Miller and great overall depth, was the defending champion and favored as the meet began. But Villanova had one record-breaker of its own, three strong relay teams and a belief that every athlete on the squad could help to pull off an upset.

"We all think of one another in everything we do during the year," said Patrick. "So naturally we point for this big chance to accomplish something together. You will see a lot of our guys race to the occasion." After the half mile Friday night, no one was higher than Patrick. He and Murphy had picked up 10 points under the 6-4-3-2-1 scoring system, and Villanova had a wide early lead over USC. "We're so psyched up now it's unreal," he said. "Just think, we're way ahead, and the Mighty Burner still has another race to run."

The Mighty Burner is Larry James, a shy and soft-spoken sophomore who makes it clear that he did not earn his

nickname because of a fiery temperament. The other members of his mile-relay team gave it to him. "It was a natural," said Hal Nichter. "It came to us one night after he burned up some poor guy with one of those amazing anchor legs of his." James is embarrassed by the nickname but, from Dave Patrick on down, all the Villanova trackmen eagerly await each of his races.

Last weekend he came through for them, beyond all expectations. On Friday he opened Villanova's scoring (six big points) with a 47-second-flat quarter-mile victory, fastest ever run on an 11-lap track. On Saturday he helped to add a final six points to Villanova's winning total of 35 1/3 with a 46.6 anchor leg in the mile relay. In a meet that boasted names like Patrick, Ryun, who won both the mile and two mile, Bob Beamon, who set an indoor world record in the long jump, Gerry Lindgren, Paul Wilson and Bob Seagren, James was easily the outstanding individual and the key man on the winning team.

As James lined up for the 440-yard final, he glanced at Tom Randolph of Western Michigan, who had run the fastest time in the trial heats. "I wanted to be sure to get the lead from him right away," Larry said. "I have trouble if I can't take charge in a race, because I don't have a strong kick. If he had taken the lead, I was afraid I wouldn't be able to make it up. I've been pressing for this race all winter, and I sure didn't want to make any mistakes."

He had had no reason to worry. He burst into a clear lead on the first turn and widened it during the rest of the

race. As he finished, there were cheers from the crowd and from his teammates, and then excited shouts from people with stopwatches. Somebody said that James's time was 46.9, but someone else insisted that that must be a mistake; it had to be 47.9, because the indoor world record, after all, was only 47.8.

"It couldn't be 46.9," said one athlete. "That's impossible."

"If he ran 47 or better," said Ben Olson of Kansas, "I'm sure glad I wasn't chasing him."

"If he ran 47 or better," said Earl McCulloch of USC, "somebody shrunk the track."

Moments later the official time was announced—47 seconds flat—and the doubters hurried to congratulate James. Larry moved quickly through the crowd and found a phone to call his mother in White Plains, N.Y. "Believe it or not, Mom," he said, "I just set a world record." Nichter raised James's hand in the air and said, "See what we mean? He's the Mighty Burner."

"A 47-flat quarter," chortled Jim (Jumbo) Elliott, the Villanova coach. "I really coached the hell out of that race, didn't I?"

Despite his kidding, Elliott does deserve much of the credit for James's dramatic development this year. Even in his senior year of high school, James still was not sure how best to use his ability. He was running the intermediate hurdles as well as 220 and 440 legs in various relays, and he had no idea which was really his best event. He was not even the best quarter-miler at White Plains High. Otis Hill, the anchor man,

continued

In full stride on the anchor leg of the mile relay, the Burner—as his admirers call James—rips off a 46.6 quarter to stifle the timers again.



was rated over James, Hill went to Southern University but has since left school and has yet to mature into a top runner. Elliott decided that James should concentrate primarily on the 500-yard races indoors this season, and Larry responded with a series of impressive victories. He stretched out to 600 yards, came within a yard of upsetting unbeaten Martin McGrady, and later won the IC4A 600-yard title. He still thinks he may wind up as a hurdler, but while he wonders about it he is also getting ready to challenge Lee Evans in the 440.

James had no difficulty adjusting to Elliott's emphasis on the team aspect of the sport. "I've always enjoyed relays," he said. "At White Plains we held records in both the 880 and mile relays. And it's great to be part of a mile relay. It's great to be part of the whole team."

"What makes you feel that way about a team?" he was asked.

"Anyone on our squad can tell you," he said. "The team feeling comes from Dave Patrick."

Patrick's first chance to contribute

points to the team effort came a few hours after James's record. Last year Patrick provided the highlight of the meet by beating Ryun in world-record time in the 880, but then was disappointed when he tried vainly to run two distance-relay legs within 20 minutes in an attempt to carry Villanova to the title. This time he was entered only in the 880 and the anchor leg in the distance medley. "We have enough guys to go around now," he said. "If Frank Murphy and I can run one-two in the half and then help both relay teams win, we'll beat USC and that will make the whole winter worthwhile."

The winter had not been a good one for Patrick. Before the first meet back in January, he hurt a foot during a workout. It felt like a slight strain, so he had it treated and kept running. A few weeks ago he finally decided to have it X-rayed. He learned that he had a broken bone. "It's almost healed, so there's nothing to do about it now," he said. "But this is the first time that I've really felt good."

Murphy, a tall junior from Dublin, did not feel as good going into the 880. "I haven't done any speed work at all," he said in his rich brogue. "And I need speed for such a short race. I have no kick, you know." Murphy is one of many Irish runners to be attracted to Villanova. "Since Ron Delany was here," Murphy said, "Villanova is a household word in Ireland. It was the natural thing to come here. Besides, my parents didn't want me to go someplace where I might lose my religion."

Testing his speed, Murphy took the lead early in the 880. Patrick soon passed him as Elliott, red-faced and worried, screamed at him, "Too slow, Dave, too slow." Patrick said he didn't hear him. "I know the coach thinks I have the ability to set a fast pace and still win," he said. "But I just wanted to be sure we won." When Patrick and Murphy finished one-two, their 10 points virtually sewed up the meet, although no one knew it at the time because no one could anticipate USC's surprising collapse.

The USC supporting cast did its best: the Trojans picked up seven points with their usual cluster of fourths and fifths on Friday night and trailed by only 16-7 with their best events still to come. But Saturday night everything went wrong. The trouble began at the start of the 60-yard-hurdle final, where Earl McCulloch failed to get his usual explosive

break. "It was a good start," said Tennessee's Richmond Flowers. "Earl could not anticipate it, the way he can with some of the starters in the West." Breaking together, McCulloch and Flowers ran side by side all the way, and at the third hurdle accidentally locked arms and almost gave the race right there to Erv Hall of Villanova. But they kept their balance and drove together to the finish, where Flowers edged Earl by diving at the tape. With McCulloch, who had been considered a sure winner, settling for only four points and Hall getting three for third, Villanova's chances increased.

Earlier, Flowers had been anxious to talk about a Kentucky freshman named Jam Green. "He's the next great sprinter," Richmond claimed. "You'll find out soon." Lennox Miller and O.J. Simpson of USC found out—and finished third and fifth as Green won the 60 in six seconds flat to further crush the USC hopes. Green, a quiet kid from a tiny Kentucky town, is the second Negro to compete in track at Kentucky, the first one quit. "The guys are treating me fine," he said. "I know there will be some problems, but I think it will work out."

"Green can really go," said Simpson later. "I told him that he was unlucky when he finished third in the semifinal, and he'd do better. He did. There are no excuses for Lennox and me. We just got outrun. But don't give up on USC yet. The Trojans always come through." Then he watched world-record holder Bob Seagren finish a disappointing fourth in the pole vault as teammate Paul Wilson won. USC had needed first and second to retain any real chance of team victory. O.J. smiled at Erv Hall, who was standing nearby. "It looks like the fall of Troy," he said.

Villanova hardly needed its powerful relay teams to clinch the win, but the runners involved were eager to get in on the victory. In the distance medley the field was fairly bunched going into the final mile leg, but then Murphy drew away to win with a 4:06.8 effort. In the two-mile relay Villanova took second behind a fine Harvard team, which came within .4 of the world record and yet barely held off Patrick, who ran a 1:49.1 half mile as anchor man. In the mile relay James and his teammates missed another world mark by only .3 to conclude the meet. Hall and Patrick, on the edge of the track, broke out laugh-



Towering victor Ryun and tiny loser Lindgren

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ing as James went past them the last time "It suddenly struck me funny," said Erv, "that everything had come so easy for us."

Things were much harder for Jim Ryun over the weekend. First he and Coach Bob Timmons were exposed to criticism for passing up a rematch with Patrick in the 880 in order to try for the mile and two-mile double. The idea of Ryun "ducking" anyone is pretty silly, and the longer double was a challenge, especially since he had to run a mile trial Friday a few hours before the two-mile final. He finished a leisurely third in the trial in 4:13.2. "No matter what people think," Ryun said, "a preliminary takes something out of you. And the way my feet feel, believe me, I'll be glad when all this is over."

Ryun frowned as he moved into the second tier of runners at the starting line of the two-mile run. He was worried about himself and about the strategy Lindgren might try. "He can either run a slow tactical race," Ryun said,

"or he can go the first mile in 4:10 and try to blow me out of it. If he tries that, he'll probably succeed."

Lindgren and Pearce elected to try the tactical race, however, and Ryun stayed near them in a slow first mile. When he finally lapped on the last lap of the 22-lap race Ryun was able to rush by them and win by 10 yards in an ordinary 8:38.9. "If they had run 8:30 or so," he said, "I would have been satisfied with third. But the slow pace gave me my chance. My biggest goal was to run an intelligent race and maintain contact with them. At least I did that." He sighed as he walked gingerly around the boards on his aching feet. "You know, I've got 11 laps to go around this thing tomorrow."

He ran 4:06.8 to win the mile in another tactical battle. Little Sam Bair, who set a slow pace as he waited to match Ryun's move, seemed to have a good chance to steal the race. "I tucked into second place on the last few laps and looked for Ryun," Bair said. "But when he moved from behind me, he did

it so fast that he got the jump on me."

"Sam ran a very smart race," said Ryun. "He made me run his type of race and he almost beat me with it." Ryun lay on a training table to have his blister bandaged before he headed for home. "I would have liked to try this double without sore feet and see how I'd do," he said. "But, all things considered, I can't knock the result."

The Villanova runners did not wait long before going home. James wanted to tell his mother more about his record. Tom Donnelly, who ran a leg of the distance medley, welcomed a chance to recover from a bad cold he had hidden from Elliott so he could run. And Murphy was taking Dave Patrick to Manhattan for the annual revels of the St. Patrick's Day weekend. "I'm inviting him to some parties that the Dublin Society will be having," said Murphy. "A lot of my friends think Dave is from Ireland anyway, you know. If I don't tell them the truth, they'll make him a hero tonight."

END

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A Decade of Pain and Progress

Ten years ago last week Maurice Stokes was an All-Star pro basketball player, leading his Cincinnati team in assists and rebounds and one of the top scorers in the NBA. Then, several days after a collision in a game, he collapsed from a condition later diagnosed as posttraumatic encephalopathy. For a long time he was paralyzed, unable to speak and close to death. Even three years later (inset photograph, left), after the almost unbearable pain of constant, immense effort, he still required the assistance of steel braces and strong hands to remain upright for a few seconds. Throughout his ordeal his mind has been clear and his sense of humor intact, and he has been sustained both by the belief that his struggle was serving a useful, inspirational purpose for others and by the support of former teammate Jack Twyman, who became his legal guardian, and friends like Oscar Robertson. Today, at Cincinnati's Good Samaritan Hospital, Stokes "has improved 500%," says Twyman. "There's 1,000% to go, but he'll get out of here one day." As Maurice continues his demanding therapy (left) Twyman raises the money to help pay for it.



After a visit with Twyman and Robertson (top) Stokes laboriously types a letter during an occupational-therapy session (left) and then, fingers taped to British, applies stain to a piece of furniture.

Golf's Old Man River

At 48, Julius Boros just keeps rolling along, winning tournaments and picking up big money with a relaxed, unflappable style that provides a happy contrast to most of the touring pros. On page 46 Boros discusses his attitude toward the game and offers some suggestions that should help you **by John Underwood**

Julius Boros walked along the edge of the water hazard, whistling and swinging a club, keeping an eye out for possibilities in the water. (His ball would not be in there, of course, his ball would be out in the middle of the fairway. His ball is almost always in the middle of the fairway.) If he were to catch a glimpse of activity in the water, he might come back in the evening, when the diminishing light had chased the gollers, and try a few casts. He scouts these spots wherever he plays. When the inhabitants of the water hazards in Palm Springs and Augusta begin to disappear, five will get you 10 old Julie's back in town. He has a favorite spot on the Palm Aire course near Fort Lauderdale, 10 minutes' drive from his home, and on an evening when he is not on tour he can be found there, his Riviera rammed up in the weeds hard by the 13th hole, his eyes alert for moccasins and rattlesnakes as he moves around the water, his big sausage fingers flicking out delicate casts, tempting the bass.

Satisfied that there was nothing in this particular water, which was at the Indian Creek Country Club in Miami Beach, he walked up to his ball. The amateurs in the foursome had branched out off the tee and had already hit their second shots. Vince Lombardi, the football man from Green Bay, was able to duplicate one powerful slice with another into the rough, and he followed after it muttering aloud about not having played since July and giving himself a pep talk: "C'mon, Vincent, get behind the ball, behind it!"—as if it were necessary in Boros' presence that he play golf as well as he coaches football.

Boros barely settled over his ball, glancing to check the line, before swinging. In an era of tortuously slow professional golfers whose amateur imitators clog up play on courses throughout the country, Boros has an original technique. Commandolike, he calculates how he will hit the ball even as he comes on it, and, once there, he does not primp over it in the style of Jack Nicklaus or go through the contortions and the preening of Arnold Palmer. His is a kind of golf-polo: up to the ball, into position, wham. As his one concession to color, he might occasionally spit into his glove before gripping the club. He says he developed his style at a tender age while living on a farm alongside a golf course in Fairfield, Conn. He would scale the fence, clutching a few rusty clubs and a ball to his chest, and try to get in as many shots as he could before the greenkeeper ran him off. The Boros swing, however, is neither hurried nor exaggerated, but rhythmically undisturbed, like the implacable progress of the plastic horses on a carousel. Words used to describe Julius Boros playing golf for a living have been "placed," "relaxed," "plodding" and "unemotional," "laconic," "phlegmatic," "poker-faced," "serene" and "Sunday afternoon at the club." "Comfortable" would be another. He does not throw clubs or mutter.

The ball went on a low line to the 15th green at Indian Creek, cheating the high wind coming off the ocean, and rolled three feet to the right of the pin. There were sighs of appreciation from Lombardi and the others. "A little to the right," smiled Boros, "but I'll take

it." Once, in 1963 at the Brookline club in Massachusetts, he played an entire tournament with windcheaters like that and won the National Open, and when he was done he went into the locker room, ordered a beer and began reading his mail. (Fred Corcoran says that Boros fell asleep while being interviewed by a nationally syndicated columnist, but Boros says he was just resting his eyes.) He was 43 then, the oldest professional ever to win the Open. He had also won it in 1952, when he had been on the tour only three seasons and had not yet qualified to carry a PGA card.

Now he is 48. When he is being interviewed by older-timers like Gene Sarazen for television, the interview usually begins, "How does a man of your age . . ." Last season, going about his business in that placid, laconic manner, he won \$126,785, his grandest accumulation in 18 years of profitable plodding. Only three gollers—Palmer, Casper and Nicklaus—won more money, and that is how they rank on the all-time money list. Boros fourth with nearly \$600,000. In 25 tournaments in 1967, Boros averaged 70.79 shots a round (computed for the Vardon Trophy), and only Nicklaus and Palmer averaged fewer. His tournament performance standing, based on finishes in tournaments entered, was third to Nicklaus and Palmer. He won three major tournaments. Only Nicklaus and Palmer won more—*one more*.

Boros (also called the Moose, Big Jules, Big Julie, Jay and the Bear) used to say his arthritic bones needed springtime to warm up his putting, because he had never won a tournament before May of any season, but last year he



Come evening, when most of the golfers have left the course, Boros often seeks out the very ponds he avoids by day.

won the Phoenix Open in February, and he putted well all year. In May he played a special TV match head-to-head with Palmer at the Cotton Bay Club on Eleuthera in the Bahamas. Palmer's shots were a little longer, and often a little straighter, but Boros had eight one-putt greens and won the match and another \$7,000. "Moose," said Cary Middlecoff afterward, "you can't say your putting wasn't good today. How does a man of your age . . . ?" "Everybody makes mistakes," smiled Boros.

Ooug Ford used to ride with Boros years ago when they were golf-circuit vagabonds crossing the country by car to shave expenses. Ford believes that Julius "has the greatest tempo in golf," and the best temperament for it. "He's getting better, and hitting the ball far-

ther, can you believe that?" says Ted Kroll, who rode in the same car. "Rhythm, that's Boros' secret," says Claude Harmon. Blonde Judy Kimball, a bright young lady pro in search of the secrets, always follows Boros when she is taking in a men's tournament, on the theory that the only thing she can get watching the glamour boys is her feet stepped on. "Watching Julius, I can learn."

Now, a week before starting his new season (he passed up the Crosby, Kaiser and Los Angeles Open to begin at the Palm Springs Desert Classic), Boros was working the bends out of his game playing with friends on a rich man's course at Indian Creek. One man was an investment banker, another manufactured major appliances. Lombardi

had just coached the Packers to the world championship. Men of affluence and influence, but who continually deferred to Boros, as men who play at golf are apt to do when they are with a man who can take par apart. "Golf is a great equalizer," says Boros, who grasps this phenomenon without being spoiled by it.

Boros is not an active charmer. He is, in fact, a somewhat mechanical conversationalist. When he talks he keeps his teeth together. Only his lips move. Younger brother Ernie remembers him growing up as being "quiet, just very quiet." But what Boros conserves in words he makes up in surprising perception. He does not make the star's social error of patronizing the people who hover around his game. He is never unfriendly, is gracious and adaptable,

continued

whether they play like Jack Nicklaus or have a 20 handicap. The difference might be that he will spend more time scouting the water hazards when he is with the latter. He is also an attentive listener, especially if his companion can tell him not only that Nuclear Corporation is up two points but why it is up two. "Economics," he explained to Mid-dlecoff when asked why he still plays 25 tournaments a year. "A matter of economics. I have seven children."

The others moved up toward the green and Boros got back into the cart with a friend from Miami. "I'll ride for a while, keep you company," he said. "But [putting his stomach] I should be walking." He said he was overweight, the consequence of an unprecedented three months at home indulging his children and indulging in wife Armen's cooking. He is stockily built, anyway—210 pounds, scarcely 6 feet—and he had to leave undone the bottom three buttons of his sweater to accommodate an expanding way of life. "You wouldn't think it, but when I started into high school I was 4 feet 11 and weighed 103 pounds."

He said no, he had not been practicing much, but that was not unusual because he never practiced much. "I never

liked to practice. I played, that was my practice. Oh, occasionally I go hit a bucket of balls, but I don't go at it by the hour. After 40 years you ought to be able to tell pretty quick what you're doing wrong."

His companion said, "Your caddy says he's been watching you and he thinks you may look cool but that you're probably a not inside. He thinks you have to feel the pressure somewhere."

Boros laughed and got out of the cart, reaching for the putter in his large red-and-white Wilson bag. Wilson provides his equipment (he is on the Wilson "staff"), and Buck provides him the Riveras to carry it (and his fishing gear) around in.

"What is pressure?" he said after a thoughtful pause. "Pressure is many things to many people. For example. The young player just starting out. Maybe he's got a wife to support, and kids, and maybe he's got some loans to pay off, or the people who are hacking him, he owes them something, too. He's got to win some money or he's in trouble. I remember my mother used to be after me all the time. She thought it was impossible to make a living playing golf. 'You'll starve,' she said. 'Stick with your accounting.'"

"Yes, so how did you do your first year with that kind of pressure?"

"I won money the first five tournaments I entered."

"Oh. Then what about the other pressures? What about the crowds, the galleries . . . ?"

"Oh, the galleries are fine. They make you play better, make you concentrate. They love a winner, that's all. If you're winning they come to watch you. You get used to them soon enough. Unless you're Nicklaus with Palmer's gallery. Beautiful shot, Fred, very nice," he said as an older man with a Ty Cobb grip punched the ball up to the hole. Boros stood off the side of the green.

"Then, of course, there's the pressure of having to play your very best under certain circumstances. For instance, last year at Phoenix, with six holes to play I needed five pars and a birdie to win. I felt I could par 13 through 17, and I felt I could get the birdie on 18. But doing it, that was pressure."

"And?"

"I parred 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17, and birdied 18."

He putted in for his third birdie on the back side at Indian Creek and finished with a 32 for nine holes and a 67 for the round, five under par. The four-some sat around after that and ate hamburgers under a canopy by the snack bar. Lombardi said it had been a pleasure to play with Boros. One of the members said it was amazing, here was Boros looking like he could win forever, and yet so many young golfers come up every year with great potential to move right in but just disappear. What happens? "A lot of players have potential," said Boros.

A few days later, after an overnight bass-fishing and quail-hunting trip to Punta Gorda with Sam Snead and Lew Worsham, Boros got in a final round before heading for Palm Springs. This one he played at the Sky Lake course north of Miami with two club members, one an old friend, and his brother Ernie. Ernie was vacationing from his pro's job at the Mid Pines resort course in Southern Pines, N.C. Julius calls Mid Pines his home course. Mid Pines is owned by the parents of his first wife. Julius has the pro shop. He is seldom there.

Ernie Boros is a strong player, but he was duck-hooking off the tee and appealed to Julius for help. Julius gave it—



At home in Fort Lauderdale with his wife Armen and his seven children, Boros never has to raise his voice, but he has been known to raise his foot

quietly, off to the side. The results were not gratifying, but Ernie said he had the picture and would work it out. At lunch one of the wives wanted to know why Julius hadn't gone into teaching long ago. Julius said he did not have the patience, especially with women, because "after a while they're teaching you." The wife said she had been taking instruction from a pro who did not let her hit a ball for the first six lessons. Boros smiled. She said this pro kept telling her she had to develop "muscle antagonism" in her swing. Boros laughed and shook his head. "Muscle antagonism, eh? That's beautiful."

The member said it appeared to him that Julius was fit and ready for the terrible pressures of the tour. "Can't you see how excited I'm getting?" Julius said. "Just thinking about all those big-name golfers out there makes me nervous. Say, Ernie, isn't that Hungarian goulash I smell?"

Julius Boros did not turn pro until he was 29 years old and hard into a career of accounting, but, if he did not play with a five-iron in his club, when he began to walk he almost always had one in his hand. He trailed older brothers Francis and Lance over the fence onto the Greenfield Hills course, and later he became known as the smallest caddy at the country club in Fairfield. He sneaked off in the evenings to play and was upbraided as a chores delinquent by his brothers and sisters. There were four boys and two girls in the Boros family. His Hungarian-born father had to work hard for his \$20 a week. "In the old country, with four boys he would have been a rich man. In Hungary sons were money. Not here."

Julius played on the high school golf team, and boxed and was a basketball star. He went on to Bridgeport University and got a degree in accounting and went to work for Roger Sherman's construction company in Hartford. Mr. Sherman also owned the Rockledge Country Club. He liked Julius' easy manner. He also liked Julius' easy manner of hitting a golf ball. In the morning Julius accounted like mad, and then in the afternoon he'd go play golf with (or without) Mr. Sherman. Sherman wanted to back him on the tour. Julius went into the Army for World War II and his Roger Sherman there was the general at Biloxi, Miss. The general enjoyed playing golf, too.

Julius was stationed at Biloxi four years.

Boros never had formal golf lessons, but he says he got a few tips from Tommy Armour when he was in Hartford. He began playing in the bigger amateur tournaments and the big pro-ams. He knew he was getting good when he shot a 64 in a pro-am at Mid Pines, beating Hogan and Sneed. "But they didn't have a prize for me because I was an amateur playing with three ladies. They had pawned me off on the ladies as a pro. They finally routed around and got me a golf bag as a prize."

In those days Julius was like a ghost in the Boros household. In and out, in and out. About all he ever said of his progress was "I won" or "I lost." Ernie remembers him coming in at night and everybody leaping up from the table to ask him his score. "He might have had a 64 or something, but all he'd say was, 'It'll be in the paper tomorrow.' I don't think he even knew I was playing golf myself until one day I told him I shot a 67."

In the spring of 1948 Boros went down to the Pinchurst Country Club in North Carolina and tied Sneed for second in the North and South Open. There he met the club owner's daughter, Buttons Cosgrove. Buttons was the prettiest girl around. In December of 1949 Julius turned pro, and in May of 1950 he married Buttons. He became an assistant pro to Johnny Bulla at the Mid Pines resort. At the time, he says, his in-laws, the Cosgroves, could have bought the course for \$68,000 but thought about it too long, and when they finally got around to making the purchase in 1956 they had to pay \$460,000, an indication of golf's fiscal spiral since World War II.

Boros, Kroll, Ford and Bob Toski began following the sun in Boros' old Cadillac. It was a formative time for them all. Kroll believes that as you look at Boros now you can see the way he was then, and why he has endured.

"Jay never takes long to make up his mind about anything, in golf or outside of golf. When he does make it up, there's little chance anybody will change him. When we traveled together it was pretty cut-and-dried about where we'd stay, what time we'd have dinner, where we'd eat it. Somebody would make a suggestion, and Jay would either agree or you'd change your mind. That's all. Not that he was overbearing. He's a very likable guy. But he makes decisions quickly,

continued

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and I think the reason his game has lasted so long, and even got better, is that he's not cluttered up with a lot of extraneous ideas and suggestions.

"Let's put it this way: when there's a decision to be reached in a group, Jay isn't going to do the bending too often. On the golf course he's the same. Where Middlecoff and Hogan would get on the green and size up pin placement, grain, best path to the hole and so forth, Jay already had these things figured by the time he got there. He chooses a club or a stroke and sticks with it. That might be a little gamble, but when you have your mind made up like Jay it helps your game."

Unknown and uncluttered, he had led the field for 45 holes in the 1950 National Open at Ardmore, Pa. and finished a respectable ninth behind Hogan. (He has always been respectable in the Open, finishing in the top 10 nine times.) When he swung west by Cadillac with Ford and the boys early in 1951, he won \$320 in the L.A. Open. That got him up to the Crosby at Pebble Beach for another \$733.34, and then to Long Beach, where he shot a 65 on the first day of the Lakewood Park Open. Everybody said, who's that dark-haired guy with the wide mouth and the sleepy swing? He followed the 65 with a 68, a 70 and a 73, and another \$422.50. After that he tied for seventh and \$343.34 at Phoenix. Easygoing Boros was wide awake.

"The thing we'd usually do after a tournament then was just sit around the motel and talk," says Ford. "That's what Julie liked best. Save money."

A son, Jay, was born to the Julius Boroses in 1951. Two days later Buttons Boros was dead of cerebral hemorrhage. Julius was in Albany, N.Y., playing in a tournament. For a time after that Boros did not play at all, and when he did start again people who know him well say that he was more quiet than ever. In the Open that year, at the Oakland Hills Country Club in Birmingham, Mich., he finished fourth, again to Hogan. So far he had not won a tournament, but he was having fun kidding Mama Boros about how impossible it was to make a living playing golf.

Then he won the 1952 U.S. Open. He won it with a strong 139 over the final 36 holes as Hogan wilted in the Texas sun at the Northwood Club in Dallas. Later that year, tied at the 16th

hole with Middlecoff in George May's World Championship at Tam O'Shanter, he landed deep in a sand trap. Almost too nonchalant to be real, he blasted out seven feet from the pin, birdied the hole and won the tournament. He was named Player of the Year and was the leading money winner (\$37,000). His victory in the Open was worth \$4,000. Eleven years later, when he won at Brookline, first prize was \$17,500.

In the Western Open in 1955, his caddie mistakenly packed up his ball when Julius motioned him to raise the pin. The error cost Boros two strokes and \$200. The boy cried and would not be consoled. The caddie master offered to change caddies for the next day's play. Boros refused. When the tournament was over he called the caddie's parents, told them they had a fine lad and if this was the only mistake he made in life they need not worry.

Boros, at an age when body rust collects and a man has to keep an ear open for pings in the mechanism, does not occupy himself with his infirmities. He has suffered variously from arthritis, bursitis, gout, bad back and faulty plumbing, and lately he has developed housemaid's left arm carrying his 40-pound 2-year-old around. He bent over to pick up a ball at the U.S. Open one year and could not straighten up and finally had to get a chiropractor to do the repairs. He struck a root with a two-iron in a PGA Championship and aggravated the arthritis in his hands. But he does not complain. He gently chides those who do. There was the time he overtook Arnold Palmer in the last round to win a tournament, and in the press tent Palmer complained about this ache and that pain. Somebody asked Julius about it, and Julius smiled and said, "I would have a few pains myself if I played the first five holes the way Arnie did today."

Boros married the blonde Armen Boyle in 1955. She was the daughter of a former pro at Bayside, N.Y. She was also an airline stewardess, and she had been getting him dates with other stewardesses until she saw the light. They have lived the last 11 years in the three-bedroom house near the ocean in Fort Lauderdale. The family has steadily compressed the house. The last to feel the pinch was the garage, which was converted into a giant den and bunkhouse. The big sliding door was left on just in case they reconsider. Armen is crazy

about painting, and she goes through the house painting anything in sight—beds, walls, outside shutters. The kids then carry the paint around like pollen on the elbows of their sweaters, onto the arms of chairs and onto the faces of the smaller ones.

The Boros children are Jay, 16; Joy, 12; Julius, 10, Gary, 7; Gay, 5; Guy, 3; and Jodi, 1½. Gary shows signs of being a golfer. He won a pee-wee championship with a 58 for 10 holes. He will show you his muscles. Gay says she is not going to kindergarten because she has decided to "start school in the second grade," and she probably could. They are an active, inventive family, and the environment is reliable. Julius never raises his voice. When he speaks, they respond. He says he does not spank. "I use my foot. I hit Jay in the back of the head with my hand once, and the next day I could barely grip a club. So now I use my foot. It doesn't hurt, but it embarrasses them. It embarrassed me, too, when the teacher asked Jay how his father corrected him. 'He kicks me,' Jay told her."

This last time home was the longest Julius has been away from the tour since he started 18 years ago. He fished every day and played golf whenever the urge struck him. He grilled steaks on the patio and entertained neighbors and friends. His waistline grew, and some of his golf bags had to be aired out because mildew collected.

Finally, he packed up and headed for Palm Springs, there to rub elbows with movie stars and corporation presidents and talk big-money talk with the Wilson people. He listened to a man who had a deal "that will make you \$100,000." He got some flashy new clothes for color-television appearances, and people of rank and station sought him out. He told a funny story about this pro he had heard about who advocates "muscle antagonism." He got in three practice rounds before the tournament and said it was more than he'd had in years but he felt good. By the end of the week he was hitting the ball well enough to indicate a good season ahead, and though he did not finish high, it was high enough to win money. And in the evenings he took out his rod and stuffed some lures in his pocket and renewed acquaintances with the lakes of the Palm Springs golf courses. Julius Boros was enjoying life.

CONTINUED

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The essence of Julius Boros' game is the speed and ease with which he hits his shots. Forgoing practice swings, Boros waggles the club in his right hand, addresses the ball, spreads his feet, swings and walks on down the fairway.



My Easygoing Game

by Julius Boros with Mark Mulvoy

Play a round of golf with me and I hope you will relax and enjoy yourself. That's what I plan to do. People worry so much about their games. You can see them out there on any weekend, fidgeting over every shot as if the U.S. Open depended on it. Wind direction, downhill lie, trapped green—is this the right club, maybe a six-iron would have been better, spread the stance a little wider, recheck the grip . . . endless worry. You should think about these things, certainly, but not while you're addressing the ball. If you haven't figured out what club to use by the time you have addressed the ball, you might as well forget it, because the delay while you hover over that little white ball is only going to hurt your game. Besides, what if you do knock it into the trap? Your life doesn't depend on it. Not even your living.

Now, mine does, but when I find that playing golf is work and that I'm beginning to worry about it I'll switch to something else. No game is worth the agony that some golfers go through, and that includes a few of my fellow pros on the tour. How many times have you played with someone who has missed a shot, lost his temper and, because of it, missed the next shot, too. There is nothing sillier than this. You know when you leave the clubhouse and head for the first tee that you are going to hit a certain number of bad shots, so learn to accept them. I have. Next time you hear somebody say, "That Julius Boros looks so relaxed out there," you'll know it's because I am relaxed.

Of course, feeling relaxed and looking relaxed are not necessarily the same thing. The reason I look so casual is



FRANCIS GOLDEN

because of my swing. I know the jokes: "He's so relaxed he falls asleep on his backswing." People ask me how I keep my cool out there on the tour, especially in a difficult situation. The answer is that I'm a swinger—and I mean that in the golfing sense—not a hitter. There's a difference. A swing is a slow, fluid motion. A hit is fast, abrupt and muscular. Palmer and Nicklaus are hitters. They can afford to be hitters because they are strong enough and play often enough to maintain a routine mechanical coordination. Now you do not play every day, maybe not even every week, so why should you be a hitter? Me? I'm the oldest pro regularly on the tour, but if I tried to muscle the ball the way Palmer and Nicklaus do I'd be home in Fort Lauderdale most of the year. Consider this: you swing the golf club anywhere from 34 to 50 times a round, discounting putts, of course. It would be impossible to repeat a fast, jerky, muscular movement every time. Sure, you might hit a few good shots in a row, but soon your timing would fall apart. Maybe this has happened to you now and then, and you've never understood why you started to fold along about the back nine. Perhaps sooner. A relaxed swing such as mine requires very little physical strain and is, in fact, very easy to repeat throughout the round. The swing I use in a practice round on Tuesday is exactly the same as the one I use in the final round on Sunday. I know that the big hitters cannot say the same thing.

The process of executing this swing should not be in-

volved either. You have a club in your hand and you must hit the ball to a target. The time to plan your shots is as you walk to the ball, either on the tee or in the fairway; what club to hit, where to hit, how far to hit it, how to hit it, etc. Make your first impression about the shot be your last one. Do not waver at all—or else you are likely to miss the shot. One thing you'll never see me do is take a practice swing. The biggest waste of time in golf, I think, is to swing at an imaginary golf ball. So, rather than use up energy with practice swings, I simply take the club in my right hand and practice a release—moving my hands and body the way I will when I hit the ball in a few more seconds. Then I set up, always managing to keep something in motion—my hands, my shoulders, my hips—so that I can remain loose. I keep my feet together and the club head behind and slightly above the ball, not letting it come to rest until the instant before I start my backswing. Then I spread my feet, lining them up in the direction of my target. Now comes the swing, slow and easy, started by my shoulders. I move down into the ball with the same rhythm. In the last 12 inches before impact I release strongly into the ball and then continue through it and complete my swing. The ball has been hit and there is nothing more I can do about it, so I start walking to it—thinking all the time about the next shot. There was no indecision. No wasted motion. No strong-arm tactics. Only an easy, fluid motion. This is the secret of my game.





The simplest way to play golf is to swing with your shoulders. This is a theory I learned as a boy, and I have stayed with it ever since. Modern schools of golf instruction teach the hip theory; that is, move the hips back first, follow with your shoulders and then turn in your left knee. That's three separate moves and, therefore, the chance for three separate mistakes. The shoulder theory, however, is uncomplicated. First of all, just think about moving your left shoulder. If you move your left shoulder then your right shoulder is going to move, too. So forget about the right completely. Now take a club in your hand and stand as if you were addressing the ball. Bring the club back with your left shoulder (left), turning the point of the shoulder toward and then away



from the golf ball. Notice that this movement automatically causes your hips to turn and your left knee to bend in exactly as it is supposed to do. There you are, three distinct moves executed naturally, without any wasted effort or worry. Now, when I want to hook or fade a shot, I make a slight adjustment in the position of my left shoulder during the backswing. To fade (above left), I move my left shoulder down during the backswing so the right stays below during the downswing. This delays my hands at impact enough so the ball will work to the right. To hook (right), I turn the left shoulder abruptly inside—keeping both shoulders parallel with the ground throughout the swing. This forces my hands to sweep across the ball and turn over at impact—causing a hook

Unlike most golfers, I use two grips, switching whenever one feels uncomfortable. Most of the time I use the overlapping grip (far right), but I'm not a slave to it, and if it doesn't feel right I'll change, even in mid-round, to the interlocking grip, which steadies my left hand.





When the ball sits well in the trap (above), set your feet firmly, but not deeply, and swing at an imaginary target about the width of half a ball behind the real ball.



For buried shots, dig your feet into the sand so they will not move at impact and aim at an imaginary target the width of at least a ball and a half behind the real ball.

Don't panic when you hit your ball into a sand trap. Getting it out isn't all that difficult. The first thing I recommend, obvious as it may seem, is the sand wedge. Many weekend golfers try to blast out of traps with a pitching wedge, but a sand wedge, with the big flange that gives the club plenty of bounce and the wide open face, will make the shot easier.

Perhaps the most difficult aspect of sand play for the weekend golfer is knowing how much sand to take when you hit the ball. Essentially, it is a matter of practice, but these guidelines should help. If the ball is in a clean lie, imagine there is half a golf ball directly behind yours and hit "that ball" in a normal fashion. If your ball is buried, hit a ball and a half's distance behind, or slightly more. Practice will give you an instinct for it.

At address, you should open the face of your club. After impact, you must keep your left hand moving through the ball (right), despite the resistance of the sand. Finally, never let your right hand cross over your left. If you do you will bury the club head and never get the ball into the air.



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Wide-Track **98** Pontiacs

While I was growing up, my baseball heroes were Ted Williams and Stan Musial, but the guy I really envied was a pitcher named Paul Pettit who, in a big-league career that lasted only two years, won one game and lost two for the Pittsburgh Pirates. Pettit was baseball's first \$100,000 bonus player and, when scouts came around to watch us play, that magic figure was on my mind. I thought about it when I went to bed at night, sometimes I dreamed about it and I often talked about it. Yet in my own mind it seemed a pretty wild idea. One hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money, and after the unhappy Pettit experience I figured big-league ball clubs wouldn't be in a hurry to hand that much out to other untired schoolboys. Anyhow, as a 17-year-old senior at Bridgehampton High, in the spring of 1957 I would have signed for any amount I was offered if it had been up to me.

But, as a minor, it wasn't up to me. I couldn't sign anything. Dad was the boss and behind him Father Joe. Father Joe—his last name was Rakowski—was more than just a baseball fan. He could have been a professional ballplayer if he hadn't chosen the priesthood. Before going to Bridgehampton he had had a parish in Brooklyn where he was an ardent Dodger fan. He knew several big-league ballplayers well, and was on speaking terms with Gil Hodges. Father Joe knew baseball and how toicker for a baseball contract. Right from the start Father Joe had told Dad, "Don't sign for less than six figures. He's worth it and you can get it." Dad had no intention of settling for less.

Father Joe hadn't inspired Dad's determination that I go to college, but he heartily approved. He wanted me to go to Notre Dame, and my parents, who insisted on a Catholic education, agreed. Dad had been listening to Notre Dame football games for years and had heard so much about the place he would have wanted me to go there even if I weren't an athlete. The clincher was that Notre Dame had a good ball club, and Father Joe thought he could get me a baseball

scholarship. So, even before I graduated from high school, my parents had decided not to accept any big-league baseball offers unless somebody came up with those magic six figures. Nor would my family consider college scholarship offers from anywhere except Notre Dame.

We received some pretty luscious offers. Most of the metropolitan New York colleges were willing to give me full scholarships. So were Duke and Miami, and a few other colleges came up with some fantastic packages that included—besides the conventional board, room, tuition, books and laundry—spending money up to \$100 a month, a complete new wardrobe, an apartment of my own and a car. I had never owned even a jalopy, never had more than one suit, never slept in a room by myself and, although Dad let me keep what I earned in his potato fields, had never had anywhere near \$100 a month to spend.

Not being as fussy about Notre Dame as Mom and Dad, I wanted to grab one of those fancy scholarships.

"What if I don't go to Notre Dame?" I asked Dad. "Why can't I go to the place that offers the most?"

"Because Notre Dame is the best Catholic college in the country and that's where you're going," he said.

"I don't see why I have to go to a Catholic college."

"Well, I do," he said. "So does your mother. And if Father Joe can arrange it, it will be Notre Dame."

In the meantime, as I continued to have a good senior season, big-league scouts were more and more in evidence. Dad knew them all, but I couldn't keep track of them. There were 16 clubs then, and most were represented at practically every game we played. We didn't have a regular pitcher that year. Tony Tiska, a fine outfielder and a consistent .400 hitter who could have signed with the Braves for a good bonus if he had wanted to go into baseball, did some of the pitching and I did the rest. Tony could throw hard, but I must admit I threw harder. I had an overhand fast ball that really dipped and moved around, continued

HOW DAD EARNED MY FIRST \$100,000

A Most Valuable Father gives a most valuable lesson in the profitable art of dickering for a big bonus with the prudent moguls of the big leagues

by CARL YASTRZEMSKI
and AL HIRSHBERG

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a pretty good curve and a changeup.

But, much as I liked to pitch, hitting was my life. I got my biggest kicks out of belting the ball out of the park. And, thanks to a lead bat I kept in the garage and all the other work I did, I had the strength to do it.

Our last two games were for the Suffolk County schoolboy championship, the semifinals against Bellport High and the finals against Center Moriches. Each school had more than 2,000 students, more than matching the entire population of Bridgehampton, and we shouldn't have been on the same field with either. I pitched against Bellport and, with scouts, farm directors and other baseball officials in the stands had quite an afternoon, giving one hit, striking out 19 and hitting a home run to help us win and get into the finals. That was on a Monday. On Thursday, pitching against Center Moriches, I threw a no-hitter, fanned 20 out of 21 and hit another homer.

Leaving the field, I heard somebody say, "He was even better today."

"Oh," one of the guys on our team replied, "he had an off day Monday."

Not long after that, in an all-star game between the best Long Island schoolboys and the best from metropolitan New York, I pitched three innings, struck out all nine men I faced and played shortstop the rest of the game. I also hit a tremendous home run, a belt that must have gone well over 400 feet. On the way home after the game I said, "Do you suppose we'll hear from any scouts?"

"We might," Dad said. "But we're not signing any contracts."

"What if somebody offers six figures?"

"If it's plus college tuition we'll consider it."

"You mean we'll turn down six figures if they don't add college?" I asked.

"You're going to college, son," he said. "If the college won't pay your tuition through a baseball scholarship—then the team that signs you will."

A few days later we had a phone call from Lee MacPhail, then director of player personnel and now general manager of the Yankees.

"We'd like to have you come to the Stadium for a workout," he said. "Can you make it tomorrow?"

"Yeah, sure, sure—well, look, I'll have to ask my dad," I stammered.

I handed Dad the phone, and he calmly confirmed a date for the next day.

After he hung up, I said, "The Yankees! Imagine! They want me to work out. Can I sign with them?"

"Let's see what they offer."

"Dad," I said, "I've always wanted the Yankees. And now—"

"I know, son," he said. "So have I. I'll go see Father Joe."

When he came back, I asked what Father Joe said.

"Stick to the six figures," Dad said.

"And college tuition."

"Do you think they'll go that high?"

"I don't know," he said.

As we drove in from Bridgehampton the next morning, all I could think about were the Yankees—Mantle and Bauer and Berra and Skowron and McDougald and Ford and Kubek and all the rest.

"Imagine, Dad," I said. "I'm going to dress in the same locker room with those guys. Maybe I'll even meet them. How long do you think it would take me to get up to the Yankees?"

"You haven't signed with them yet."

"Don't you think I will?"

"Depends," Dad said.

These reminiscences are taken from the book, YAZ: The Autobiography of Carl Yastrzemski, by Yastrzemski and Al Hershberg, to be published by The Viking Press, Inc.

It was a little after 11 when we pulled up in front of the players' entrance at Yankee Stadium. Ray Garland, who scouted Long Island for the Yankees and had been following my career ever since my freshman year in high school was waiting for us. As we got out of the car, I paused for just a second. Someday—maybe soon—I'll be going through this very gate on my own, I thought. And kids will look at me and say, "There goes Yastrzemski."

Ray led me beneath the stands to the Yankee locker room, where he turned me over to an equipment man and said, "This is Carl Yastrzemski. Give him a uniform and a place to dress." As I followed the guy across the spacious Yankee locker room, I recognized Mantle, Ford, Skowron, Kubek and Bauer standing near the trainer's room and thought, boy, I'd love to meet them. I wonder if he'll introduce me. But he led me right past them to a small room hardly bigger than a closet. He pointed to a uniform in a locker and said, "That ought to fit." Then he left.

Two kids were in the room, both getting into Yankee uniforms. I found out later they were bat boys. Neither paid any attention to me. They dressed in almost sullen silence. I wished somebody would say something, but was too shy to start a conversation myself.

As I dressed, Bauer was saying, "I got a job offer from a bank in Kansas City—\$200 a week. I think I'll take it."

"Two hundred a week?" somebody said. "That's peanuts."

"Not in Kansas City," Bauer said. "I can do all right. My home's all paid for, and my kids are coming along. I think I'll take the job."

"You ought to be able to do better than that," a guy said.

"Sure, I ought to be able to do better," Bauer said, "but I won't. I could have if I'd grabbed the chances I got when I was going good. I passed everything up. Now it's too late."

"The Yankees haven't dumped you yet," somebody said.

"No, but they will," Bauer said. "I'm through. I know it. And I'm not going to monkey around in the minors. I'll tell you guys something. While you have it, take advantage of it. Don't let these good opportunities go. I was crazy. Now I have to settle for two balls a week."

I got into a pair of white pinstriped pants, then put on the shirt with the monogram NY in blue letters on the front. Even though there was no number on the back, it was a thrill to wear what was then the most famous uniform in baseball. But as I buttoned the shirt, I suddenly felt terribly lonely. Here were those ballplayers I wanted so badly to meet within 10 feet of me and I couldn't talk to them. As I adjusted the cap I wished I could shake hands with just one Yankee ballplayer so when I got home I could tell the kids I met him.

Ray Garland was at the locker-room door, and he led me through the runway to the dugout. A slight man with dark eyes and the number two on the back of his Yankee uniform was standing on the field at the top of the dugout steps. It was Frank Crosetti, the coach.

"He's going to hit, Crow," Ray said, then joined Dad in the stands.

"Follow me, kid," Crosetti said.

As he led the way to the cage, where the Yankee irregulars were taking batting practice, I noticed a couple of guys on the Cleveland Indians, who were playing the Yankees that day, tossing a ball



CARL YASTRZEMSKI: ALWAYS CLOSE BY, ONCE COACHED HIS SON ON LONG ISLAND, NOW JOINS HIM AT SPRING TRAINING IN FLORIDA

back and forth in front of the third-base dugout. Crosetti said to nobody in particular, "This kid goes in next."

The Yankee in the cage took two or three more swings, stepped out and I moved into his place. As I dug in at the plate and looked down at the batting-practice pitcher—I never did know who it was—I felt very comfortable, loose and confident. The pitcher wound up and threw a fast ball right down the middle. I hit it on a line to center field. I missed the next pitch, fouled one off, then put two into the right-field seats. The pitcher indicated he would throw a curve, and I hit that along the ground, but the next one went into the stands in right. After about 10 swings, including a fourth smash into the right-field bleachers, Crosetti yelled, "O.K., that's enough."

I started to run down the first-base line, figuring they wanted me to work out in the field, but Crosetti yelled, "Go in!" so I turned toward the dugout. Garland met me at the top of the steps and said, "Go get dressed. Mr. MacPhail wants to see you."

"What about infield?" I said.

"Don't bother," Ray said. "Put on your clothes and I'll take you upstairs." I learned later that they wanted to rush

me away before the Indians noticed me.

I showered and dressed without exchanging a word with anyone, then Ray led me up to Lee MacPhail's office. Dad was already there. MacPhail shook hands with Dad and me, invited us to sit down and said, "Carl, would you like to play for the Yankees?"

"I sure would," I said.

"We think you can make it," MacPhail said. "We'll send you out for a while, but you'll be up here before you know it."

He turned to Dad. "We'll give him \$40,000 to sign," he said.

With all our talking about six-figure bonuses, this was the first time we actually had an offer. I couldn't believe Dad would turn it down, but he did.

"It's not enough, Mr. MacPhail," he said.

MacPhail's eyes widened. "It's more than the Yankees have ever offered a high school boy before," he said.

"It still isn't enough," Dad said.

"Take it Dad," I said. "It's the Yankees."

"Forty thousand dollars is a lot of money, Mr. Yastrzemski," MacPhail said.

I pleaded with Dad with my eyes, started to say something, then saw his look

and shut up. MacPhail talked a bit about the Yankees and what it meant to play for them and how I could win fame and make a fortune almost in my home town and what a big thing it would be for me to play with Mantle and Berra and Kubek and Ford and all those guys, and Dad sat and listened. Then he said, "I'll have to think about it."

"Fine," MacPhail said. "You think about it. I'm sure you'll change your mind. How much time do you want?"

"Oh, a couple of days," Dad said. "Maybe Ray can come out to the house and we'll see them."

Back in Bridgehampton, Dad said to Father Joe, "The Yankees offered \$40,000. Sonny wants it. What do you think?"

"It's not enough," Father Joe said. "Even the Yankees?"

"Even the Yankees. And even if the boy wants it. He's worth a lot more than \$40,000. Don't settle for less than six figures."

I was playing stickball with Tony Tiska and a couple of other guys on the fairgrounds across the street from the house when Ray Garland drove up. Dad came out to meet him and yelled over for me to come in, and as I left the kids I couldn't help saying, "That's the Yan-

continued

ke scout I'm going to sign with the Yankees today." Then, with a big grin on my face, I walked into the house.

Ray shook hands with me, and we all sat down in the living room—Mom, Dad, Ray and I. Ray pulled out a sheaf of contracts and a pen and a couple of pencils and a pad of scratch paper and looked at each one of us. Then he said, "Mr. MacPhail has authorized me to raise the offer."

I took a long breath and glanced over at Dad. His face was impassive.

"Mr. MacPhail," Ray said, "has told me to go to \$45,000."

I let my breath out and looked at Dad. His expression hadn't changed.

"What do you think, Carl?" Garland was addressing my father, not me.

Dad didn't say anything.

Ray began writing figures on the scratch pad. "The Yankees was the pennant almost every year," he said. "That's eight, ten thousand more from the World Series over and above salary."

He looked at Dad, and Dad looked flatly back at him.

"He's a great young prospect," Ray said, tearing a sheet off the scratch pad and writing down more figures. "He won't be in the minors more than a couple of years, and when he comes up he'll make it big. In five years he'll be up around \$50,000 a year."

Dad didn't move.

"The way he can hit," Ray said, tearing another sheet off the scratch pad and scribbling as he talked, "he might be the next great Yankee star, and you know what that means. In 10 years he'll be making \$100,000, maybe more."

He paused. There wasn't a sound in the room. Then he tore still another sheet from the scratch pad and said, "There's no limit to what he can make, with all the extras. And New York is the place for it—the big advertising promotion market. He'll be good for a quarter of a million dollars a year."

He looked over at Dad again, but he might as well have been looking at the wall. Dad simply stared back at him.

I couldn't stand it any longer. "O.K., O.K.," I exploded. "Give me the contract. I'll sign it."

Ray smiled and said, "See, Carl, your boy understands. He wants the Yankees, don't you, son?"

"You bet I want the Yankees," I said.

"What do you think, Carl?" Ray said.

Dad tore the top sheet off the scratch

pad and in huge, thick figures, wrote right across all Ray's scribbling. "\$100,000," pushed the sheet back to Ray and quietly said, "That's what it will cost you to get him."

The scout reached across the table, scooped up all the sheets and threw them high in the air. As they floated down, landing all over the living room, I remember thinking *There go the Yankees*, and Ray said, "The Yankees never offered that kind of money to anybody, and they won't give it to your boy."

"Then they'll never get him," Dad said.

"You're asking too much money, Carl," Ray said.

"Nobody will get my son for less," Dad said.

Although disappointed, I wasn't terribly upset. Both Dad and Father Joe were certain that sooner or later somebody would offer what we wanted. The word got around quickly that we had turned the Yankees down, but that didn't stop scouts—including Ray Garland—from continuing to watch me play. However, nobody approached us with other concrete offers that year, and we didn't look for any. It was not until the following summer, after I returned home from my freshman year at Notre Dame, that we began hearing directly from scouts or ball clubs. And then we heard from them plenty.

Practically all of it took place at Lake Ronkonkoma when Dad and I went down there to play. Not long after I got back from South Bend, Honey Russell of the Milwaukee Braves talked to us there with Whit Wyatt, the Braves' pitching coach, who was one of the best-known teachers and judges of young pitchers in baseball.

"Carl," Honey said to Dad, "we're prepared to make you a very attractive offer."

"Go ahead," Dad said.

"We'll give your boy \$60,000 to sign with us as a pitcher," Russell said.

"Nothing doing," Dad said. "He's not available for \$60,000 and if he were it wouldn't be as a pitcher."

"He could be one of the best pitchers in baseball," Wyatt said. "I'd like to work with him."

"I know your reputation, and I know you'd do well by him," Dad said. "But my son is too good a hitter to pitch."

Shortly after that we heard from Frank (Chuck) Genovese of the Giants. He

didn't talk money because Dad didn't give him a chance.

"I've seen this boy catch," Genovese said, "and good catchers are hard to come by. We'll match or top any offer he gets if he'll come with us."

"No thanks," Dad said. "He doesn't want to go to the West Coast, and if he did, it wouldn't be as a catcher."

There were so many scouts, farm directors and even general managers looking at New York and Long Island ballplayers that summer that a doubleheader for their convenience was arranged between a couple of all-star teams. The games didn't mean much, but I had a fantastic afternoon—three homers, seven hits in eight times up and a perfect day in the field. After that, our phone never stopped ringing.



ROOKIE YAZ LED ALL CAROLINA BATTERS

Although scouts were always out at the house, Bots Nikola of the Red Sox was the only one who ever took us all to dinner and made us feel that he was really interested in us. I liked Bots, a big, friendly Holy Cross graduate who had once pitched for the Yankees and whom Dad faced several times when he pitched for the Bluewicks. I was always so comfortable and at home with him that I hoped someday we would sign with the Red Sox.

One night at Lake Ronkonkoma, Tommy Holmes of the Dodgers came around with Al Campanis, their director of scouting. After a long talk, Campanis said, "We'll top any offer you get."

He took us by surprise for a minute, then Dad said, almost to himself, "If you were only still in Brooklyn." But they weren't in Brooklyn. Dad told Holmes and Campanis I'd rather play in the East, and that was that.

Although I got sort of impatient as the summer wore on, Dad was in no hurry to make a deal. We had dozens of talks with Father Joe, who helped us narrow the choices. Then one day, just before I was to leave for my sophomore year at Notre Dame, Father Joe said, "I think your two best bets are the Phillies and the Red Sox. They're both in the East. They're both great organizations. Bob Carpenter of the Phillies and Tom Yawkey of the Red Sox are fine owners and known for their generosity to the ballplayers. If either will give you what you want I think you should take it."

We phoned Jimmy Gallagher, the Phillies' director of scouting, who had given me an open invitation to work out in Philadelphia whenever I wanted to. He told us to go down the next day. Then Dad called Tommy Skripps, a cousin of his from Long Island who had met Bob Carpenter during college and lived near Carpenter's home town of Wilmington, Del., where he managed the Continental Can plant. Uncle Tommy, still a close friend of Carpenter's, had always been interested in me and promised to see us at the ball park.

Mom, Dad and I drove to Philadelphia. Gallagher greeted us warmly, escorted us to the locker room and introduced us to Manager Eddie Sawyer, Richie Ashburn, Robin Roberts and all the other Phillie ballplayers. When Dad and I were both given lockers right with them, I couldn't help thinking of that

day in Yankee Stadium when they made me dress with the bat boys.

Everyone went out of his way to be nice to us, including Chico Fernandez, the regular shortstop. A friendly Cuban, he came over to me on the field, shook hands and, with a big grin, said in a heavy accent, "If you can beat me out for this job, good luck." Eddie Sawyer had a word of encouragement every time he went by me, and Wally Moses, the batting coach, hovered over me like a mother hen. When I got ready to move into the batting cage he told me just to take my natural swing. "We know what you can do," he said. "If you don't do it here and now, no difference."

But I did do it there and then. I stood in the batting cage even looser and more confident than I had been at Yankee Stadium and belted pitches all over the place—to left, to right, to center, into the stands in left center, against and over the scoreboard in right. I took maybe 50 swings and must have hit 15 bulls out of the park. When I stepped out, Moses said, "Son, you're the finest young hitter I've ever seen," and Roberts yelled to Fernandez, "See you later, Chico. This'll be your last year."

While Dad and I were dressing, somebody said Bob Carpenter wanted to see me right away, and one of the coaches came over to us and said, "Get all you can. They're ready to pay." But we didn't see Carpenter right away. Instead, we were taken to Jimmy Gallagher's office.

He talked awhile about the virtues of playing for the Phillies, then said, "You're a great young prospect. We'll give you \$60,000 to sign."

"If that's what you're thinking about, there's no sense talking anymore," Dad said. "You know what we want—\$100,000 and the rest of his college tuition."

"We'll give him a big-league contract," Gallagher said. "That's a minimum salary of \$7,000 a year."

Dad just looked at him.

"O.K.," Gallagher said, "we'll count this as a full season. We'll give him a whole year's salary for 1958 even though the season's practically over."

"He's going back to college," Dad said.

"We'll put him in the lineup against the Cubs tonight," Gallagher said. Without a word Dad stood up.

"Sixty thousand is a lot of money," Gallagher said.

"Not enough," Dad said.

We had dinner with Mom and Uncle Tommy and made arrangements to see Carpenter the next day. Uncle Tommy and Jimmy Gallagher were in Carpenter's office when Dad and I got there.

"We want you to play for the Phillies," Carpenter said. After talking awhile he said, "We'll give you \$80,000."

This was the highest offer yet, and I remember thinking maybe it was the highest offer we'd get. I looked at Dad, half hoping he would say yes, but the minute I saw his eyes I knew he wouldn't. He was giving Carpenter that blank stare.

"I know you want a hundred, Mr. Yastrzemski," Carpenter said. "But look at the tax you'll have to pay."

He began figuring aloud. I couldn't follow him, and I'm sure Dad couldn't either, because he was talking a language neither of us understood.

"So you see," he said, "you really end up the same way with \$80,000 as you do with \$100,000. What do you think, Mr. Yastrzemski?"

"I think we want \$100,000 and the rest of his tuition," Dad said, and just sat and stared. Then Uncle Tommy said, "Now, Bob, there's no sense talking about income taxes. You can come up with all the tax advantages you want to out of \$80,000, but there's only one thing that will make the old man sign—in plain, simple English, \$100,000."

"Plus the rest of his college expenses," Dad said.

After more tax talk, Carpenter finally said, "O.K., we'll give you \$95,000." I sucked in my breath. I was sure Dad would take it. But he made no move and the expression on his face was still blank.

"We'll give him a big-league contract," Carpenter said. "That's another \$7,000, and with the season almost over, it's like a bonus of \$102,000."

Dad was weakening. He leaned forward, drummed his fingers on the table, then said, "Let me think about it."

"Isn't that the bonus you want?" Carpenter said.

"I'm tired," Dad said. "I'd rather wait until tomorrow."

"O.K.," Carpenter said, standing up. "We'll talk tomorrow."

We talked at length at dinner that night. Uncle Tommy, eager for me to play in Philadelphia, tried to talk Dad into accepting Carpenter's last offer, but Dad still insisted on my college expenses. The next day that was the first thing he brought up to Carpenter.

continued

"I've been thinking about that," Carpenter said. "I think we can set up something at the University of Delaware."

"Plus the \$102,000?" Dad said.

"That's right."

"O.K.," Dad said. "I'll go along with that. There's just one other thing. He's got one year of college behind him. To get a degree, he'll have to go six more semesters, which will take him six years, because he'll miss second semesters on account of baseball. Who knows what might happen in six years? Maybe he'll quit college before he finishes. If he does, you give him another \$10,000."

"What if it's his senior year?" Carpenter said.

"Any year," Dad said. "If he quits before he gets his degree you pay him \$10,000."

"Mr. Yastrzemski," Carpenter said, "I think we've gone about as far as you can expect us to go. If your son decides to quit college before he finishes, that has nothing to do with us, and there's no reason it should cost us \$10,000."

We argued most of the day about it, and that night Uncle Tommy said to Dad, "Carl, you upped your price."

"That's right," Dad said.

"I think you ought to sign without that \$10,000 stipulation."

"If Sonny goes one semester and quits, look at all the money Carpenter will save," Dad said.

"If he goes to his senior year and quits, why should it cost Carpenter \$10,000?" Uncle Tommy said.

"I don't care when he quits," Dad said. "He's got to get \$10,000 if he does."

That was the way Dad wanted it, and that was the way it stayed. We spent another day with Carpenter, but neither he nor Dad gave an inch.

Back home we had a call from Bots Nikola, asking us to go to Boston, but it was too late. I had to be at Notre Dame the next day. Between then and November, Dad and I had periodic phone calls and wires, mostly from the Red Sox, and Dad agreed to go to Boston with me during Thanksgiving vacation. At that point I was sure that if the Red Sox didn't satisfy us we would accept the Phillies' offer.

Then, about two weeks before Thanksgiving, the Cincinnati Reds came into the picture. Dave Hall, their Long Island scout, had never indicated any willingness to talk six figures to us, but Gabe Paul, their general manager, phoned

Dad, told him the Reds knew what we wanted and would give it to us. Then Paul went to Bridgehampton to see him and Mom over the weekend, while his assistant, Paul Florence, came to South Bend to see me. After dinner Friday night we went to my room to take a prearranged phone call from home.

Gabe Paul talked first, telling me the Reds wanted me so badly that he had checks totaling \$100,000 all ready to give Dad, that he would give me a major league contract and a chance to break right into the lineup the following spring, that the Cincinnati ball park was made for me and me for it, and so forth. Then he left the room in Bridgehampton, and Florence went out of my room so Dad and I could talk privately.

"He wants to give \$100,000 in five checks of \$20,000 each," Dad said, "and he promised to pay the rest of your way through college."

"What did you tell him?" I asked.

"I said it wasn't enough money."

"What did you ask for?"

Dad laughed. "Nothing," he said. "I just wrote \$150,000 down on a piece of paper and handed it to him."

I gulped.

"Don't tell me he offered it," I said.

"He offered \$125,000," Dad said.

"What do you think?"

"I don't know, because I've never seen the Cincinnati ball park," I said.

"D.K.," Dad said. "Let's leave it open until we get out there. Detroit wants to talk to us, too. Do Thanksgiving vacation, we'll drive to Detroit and Cincinnati and then go to Boston."

After we hung up I realized something then that I had never thought of before. My dad, a poor potato farmer who had never seen \$10,000 in one year in his life, was getting a tremendous charge out of talking in such huge terms. Even though he knew he would turn the Reds down unless they went to \$150,000, he wanted to deal with Gabe Paul just to roll all those big figures off his tongue. And, in a way, he had done the very same thing with Bob Carpenter. The club he really wanted was the Red Sox because of Bots Nikola. As long as it was in six figures, Dad would take less from the Sox than from anyone else.

We saw John McHale at Detroit. "We know what you want," McHale said. "And I am sure we can give it to you when the time comes. But the most we can offer right now is \$80,000."

"Thanks, but we're not interested," Dad said.

From Detroit we headed for Cincinnati to see if Gabe Paul would meet our \$150,000 figure. He was very nice, but flatly refused to go higher than \$125,000 plus college expenses. It wasn't enough for Dad. After turning down the best offer we had (and the best we would get), Dad and I shook hands with Paul, said goodbye and left.

In Boston two days later, we started dickering with Johnny Murphy, with Bots sitting in. His first offer was \$100,000 plus tuition. Dad countered with a demand for \$125,000, but I could see his heart wasn't in it. He didn't have his patented blank stare, and he didn't sit in silence. He liked Bots and he liked Murphy, and he wanted me to play for the Red Sox and knew I wanted to. If the Red Sox wouldn't spring for \$125,000, Dad would settle for less.

We didn't settle anything that first day. The next day when Murphy asked him what he thought, Dad said, "We'll take \$115,000." We talked a few minutes, then Murphy said, "We'll give you \$108,000, plus a two-year Triple-A farm contract at \$5,000 a year, plus the rest of your college expenses."

"Well, son," Dad said, "what do you think?"

"I'm satisfied," I said. "How about you?"

"I'm ready to sign," he said.

Just after we signed and were about to leave for home, Joe Cronin, then the club's general manager, came in and said, "I want to meet the boy we're giving all this money to."

As we shook hands, he took in my 5' 11", 170-pound frame, then said to Murphy, "He hasn't seem very big."

"He hits big, Joe," Murphy said.

"D.K.," Cronin said. Turning to me he said, "You must really swing that bat." Then he walked out, shaking his head like a man who had met a midget.

Something similar happened when I got my regular allowance check from Dad at Notre Dame the next week. As usual, it was for \$5. I rushed to the phone, called him collect and said, "Dad, Pop, after the contract I just signed, I think I ought to get more than five bucks a week. How about a raise?"

"O.K.," he said.

The next week he sent me \$7.50. And that was my allowance for the rest of the semester.

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Hungarian Premier **János Kádár** and the U.S.S.R.'s **Leonid Brezhnev** and **Nikolai Podgorny** tucked in (below) at a luncheon party which Kádár no doubt put on the Communist equivalent of the old expense account. He was host to **Alcides Kossygin**, Brezhnev and Podgorny at a hunt in the Mátra Forest, some 75 km. from Budapest, and plans were made there for the recent meeting of the world's Communist parsons. The pictures, just released from the Hungarian National Archives, indicate that a better time was had by all at the hunt-cum-business lunch than was had at the meeting later. Capitalist business lunches and subsequent meetings quite often turn out that way, too.

The three men who met recently on the slopes at Alta were well known, but certainly not as skiers. **Art Linkletter**, **Adam West**, alias **Batman**, and **Sports Columnist Jim Murray** stood around in the snow discussing their efforts. Linkletter has been skiing for four years now. "I figured if Lowell Thomas, at 72, could attack the slopes, a 51-

year-old youngster should do O.K.," he explains. Somehow he convinced Murray that he could do O.K., too, but on this particular outing Jim sounded a little discouraged. "Everyone I've seen up here the past few days thinks he's a bird," he complained. "Careful what you say about birds," Linkletter advised, nodding toward **Batman**. "So he's a bat," Murray said. "I feel more like a turkey."

Some years ago **Dancer Ray Bolger** demonstrated his special breathing exercises for **Allie Sherman** of the **Giants**, and more recently he has been working with the **Los Angeles Rams'** **Dr. John Perry**, developing some new exercises that they plan to diagram and publish in book or pamphlet form. Bolger, 64, observes that football has become much faster in just the last two years, and he says, "I put on an hour and a half show, and the audiences can't know I'm laboring. I can't come up panting after every number. The same is true for football players who have to run down an entire football field." Well, it's not exactly the same. As long as he makes it across the goal line a football player's audience doesn't care how much he pants.

Muhammad Ali recently addressed a student group at **Canisius College** in Buffalo where he expounded, as usual, upon the wickedness of the white man and the necessity for separatism. Negroes are fools, he said, to believe "this airport is mine, this bus terminal is mine, this college is mine." As it happens **Miss Sharon Tolbert** believes that the airports, bus terminals and colleges are hers, if not his. The young Negro student rose and declared, "My father fought for America in World War II. His brothers fought for America. These are my people so this is my America." Ali's reply, not quite to the point, was that white was the opposite of black. It was



a law of nature that the two races remain apart. "All animals in nature stay with their own kind," he said. "We are talking about people, not animals." **Miss Tolbert** informed him. Ali finally retreated in some disarray, and later **Miss Tolbert** explained, "I don't feel that I hate **Cassius Clay** and that he is 100% wrong. But . . . Mr. Clay said white is the opposite of black. That difference is the pigment of the skin. The important difference is in environment and education, and that can be changed. The underprivileged child is underprivileged, black or white."

Several weeks ago **All-American Westley Unseld** (above) was invited to the annual meeting of the medical staff of **Louisville's Methodist-Evangelical Hospital** and voted honorary president for the evening. Many of the local medicine men are graduates of the university and graduates and nongraduates alike have welcomed the U.L. games as a pick-me-up at the end of a long, hard day. "RX: **Westley Unseld**," read the inscription on the mint julep cup the physicians presented to him. Now, at the end of a long, hard season, **Un-**

seld has announced that he must decline an offer to try out for the Olympic team. Student teaching from 8:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m., practice from 4 to 6 or later and attendance at various functions has finally gotten to him. "I'm just tired, all worn out," Unseld says. Those **Louisville** doctors should recollect. What is needed seems to be a prescription for, not of, **Westley Unseld**.

Principals in the Great Chili Debate (SL, Dec. 11) can now lay off each other and unite at a little indiscriminate sniping at a brand-new target: **Dizzy Dean's** nephew, his brother **Duffy's** boy, has opened what is described as a "New Mexico-style" Mexican restaurant in Dallas, and young **Dean**, apparently ready to take on all the traditionalists for miles around, claims that his customers prefer New Mexican Mexican food to Texas Mexican food or Mexican Mexican food. His courage is such that he does not even serve tortillas with meals at **La Placita** (though they may be ordered separately), and as for chili, he says that it should be made with the thick juice of either green or red peppers—no chili powder in the chili.

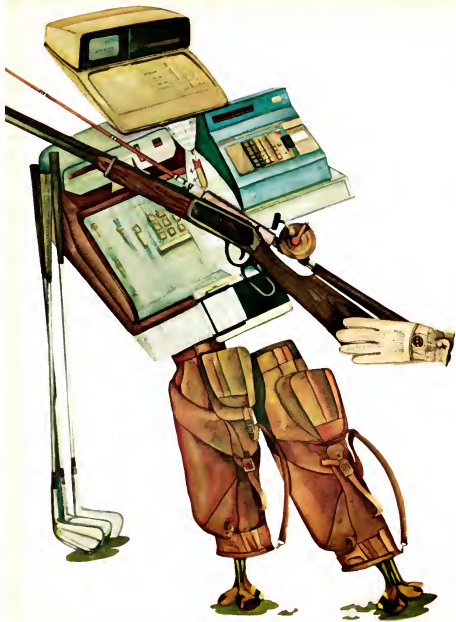


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Derby daydreams on the Coast

A barnful of 3-year-olds developing with a rush stirs the hopes of Californians that they have now seen another Churchill Downs winner

Long one of the West Coast's leading trainers, Farrell W. Jones has never been known as a particularly optimistic one. But last week Jones perked up the ears of several of his listeners with an uncharacteristic remark. "Never," he said carefully, "has Santa Anita had a better bunch of 3-year-olds than are here right now." When advised of what Jones had said, the track's racing secretary and handicapper, Jimmy Kilroe, amended, "If they are not better, they are at least the most promising I've ever seen here."

As evidence that this hopeful spirit is as contagious as early spring sniffls, no fewer than 30 3-year-olds were entered in three races at a mile and a sixteenth on last Saturday's excellent card. Eighteen were signed up for the traditional San Felipe, last major prep for the March 30th Santa Anita Derby, and an even dozen were scheduled for a \$7,000 allowance test. Unfortunately for Jones, who has had much success recently with the stock of Hastings Harcourt's Flag Is Up Farms, the stable's star colt, Sharivari, turned up on San Felipe day with a leg ailment serious enough to keep him out of all the Triple Crown classics.

Even so, the 29 remaining sophomores gave the 46,987 fans a rousing afternoon. The split divisions of the San Felipe, reset as a pair of \$30,000 stakes instead of one event for \$50,000, were won in the identical time of 1:42½ by Prince Pablo and Dewan. The preliminary allowance heat was won by American Tiger in 1:43. A fast track notwithstanding, these were three notable performances for still-maturing colts so early in the year.

I thought the second half of the San Felipe was won by the best 3-year-old I've seen this year. Dewan, the bay Bold Ruler colt who is trained by Jim Maloney for Owner Bill Perry, went to a drive at the half-mile pole to overtake the pace-setting Don B. and fought like a tiger the entire length of the stretch to win by a nose. Down the lane, with Don B.

holding the somewhat faster ground along the rail, Proper Proof roared up and tried to split the pair, and for a moment it appeared as if Dewan's number might come down. But the films showed that Don B., who has a habit of bearing out in stretch runs—and not Dewan—probably caused whatever trouble Proper Proof had.

In Prince Pablo's division of the San Felipe the California-bred chestnut, co-owned by General Winson (Winky) Kratz and Paul Thayer, made all the pace and won by a comfortable 2½ lengths over Alley Fighter. If any of Prince Pablo's seven opponents had pressed him during the early going it might have been different, but he won with authority and did it in respectable time. Dewan finished faster in a hard drive, however, and has both the look and action of a genuine competitor. It is difficult to estimate how much this experience, gained in his first stake race, will help him in the Santa Anita Derby at a mile and an eighth, but Dewan is now unbeaten in five lifetime starts and is the logical Kentucky Derby favorite. Prince Pablo, who is by Binary, an unraced full brother to the speedy Prince Khaled, may not like the extra distance, especially if something runs with him from the drop of the flag. But, then, who is to say that Dewan may be the son of Bold Ruler who finally is able to carry his brilliant speed over a mile and a quarter? I, for one. These two will meet in the Santa Anita Derby, and this time Don B. will be along to insure an honest pace.

The Santa Anita Derby will, of course, draw other entries from among the California optimists, but I think most of them will be running for third and fourth monies. Still, the trio of Dewan, Prince Pablo and Don B. is as good as you'll see at Gulfstream or Aqueduct or slops along the way this week. Farrell Jones and Jimmy Kilroe were right—the West is again on the move. **END**

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A young brain builds a winner in St. Louis

Hockey's Blues have risen from last place to hot contention with a new coach who had faith in a star-to-be



RED BERENSON STARTED SCORING GOALS

Outside the Arena in St. Louis glimmers a massive orange-and-yellow neon sign. Occupying the far left section of the sign is an electronic hockey player in the uniform of the St. Louis Blues. Every night during the season the player repeatedly draws back his stick and blasts mighty shots toward a net at the far right of the sign 250 feet away. As each shot flies toward the goal, the words HOME OF THE ST. LOUIS BLUES—NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE appear in dazzling blue letters, and in a gaudy splash of red the puck sails unerringly into the net.

Early in the season the only thing the real, live Blues had in common with that electronic hot shot was the uniform. Not scoring was their specialty. So adept were they at missing the net that they looked like odds-on noncontenders for the Stanley Cup.

But look at the Blues today. They are right up there with the top teams in the expansion division of the NHL. Why? One man, Scotty Bowman. Three months ago, when St. Louis was last in the West and Goalie Glenn Hall was the one player not giving fans the lower-case Blues, Lynn Patrick, who had been doubling as coach and general manager, put the 34-year-old Bowman behind the bench. Bowman immediately made a trade for New York's Gordon (Red) Berenson and, lo, the team started winning. Since then St. Louis has been just about the hottest of the expansion teams, and the youngest coach in the NHL is already beginning to look like one of the best.

Some fanatical fans even claim the Blues' new-style attack reminds them of the Montreal Canadiens, the way they head-man the puck and storm the net. Obviously, this is partly because they have in Bowman a man who spent 12 years in the Montreal organization as a coach and a scout and knows what perfection is.

The Canadiens were ripe for talent-raiding two years ago when the Blues owners, Sidney Salomon Jr. and his son, Sid III, skimmed a little off the top of their insurance riches and began choosing the men to run the club. They wanted some of the Canadiens' sharp young minds, and within days of each other Bowman and Cliff Fletcher, another

Montreal scout, came to work on the west bank of the Mississippi.

"In the original agreement I was just supposed to scout this year," says Bowman, a dark-haired bachelor. "I wasn't supposed to start coaching until next year. I really didn't want to take over the team. I wasn't in the mood to coach. I'd been scouting in Europe and didn't have a feel for the players. But Lynn insisted he couldn't handle both jobs, so I didn't have much choice."

Six days after Bowman was made coach, he and Patrick sent their leading scorer, Ron Stewart, to the Rangers in exchange for Berenson, a man with a lifetime record of 16 goals in 185 NHL games. At the time it seemed to be the ho-hum trade of the season.

"The fact that Stewart was leading our club in scoring didn't mean a thing," says Bowman. "We couldn't score anyway. Stewart is a checker—a defensive forward—and that's what Emile Francis of the Rangers wanted all along. But Berenson—now *there's* an offensive player. He once scored 23 goals in 40 games for me at Hull-Ottawa. Lynn and I were just hoping that all Berenson needed was a chance."

A big (6 feet, 185 pounds) center with long arms and legs to match, Berenson started off slowly in St. Louis, mainly because he had gotten out of shape sitting on the bench in New York. Then he caught fire, and now he has become the Stan Mikita of the new league, scoring the big goals and setting up his teammates. St. Louis fans are in love with No. 7, with reason; Berenson, along with Wayne Connelly of Minnesota's North Stars, is one of the West's first potential superstars.

"Just watch him," says Hall, the All-Star goaltender who played 10 years with Mikita and Bobby Hull in Chicago. "Red seems to combine the skills of both Stan and Bobby. There isn't anything he can't do. He's a great playmaker and his shot—well, the only trouble with his shot is that sometimes he shoots too hard."

Berenson always could skate, pass and shoot, in fact, he was considered one of the finest prospects in the Montreal chain until he made the apparent mistake of accepting a scholarship to the University of Michigan. "As far as the Canadiens



SCOTTY BOWMAN WON PLAYERS' ESTEEM

were concerned, Red was going to waste four of the most critical years in his development," says Bowman. "They didn't want him traipsing off to play hockey in the States. When he came back—with just about every record in his league—he was tabbed as just another American who wouldn't stand up to the beating he would get in the pro game."

For the next five years Berenson shuttled between the Canadiens and their farm teams, playing for Bowman at Hull-Ottawa in 1962-63. After the 1966 season he was traded to New York.

"I never got started with the Rangers," he says. "First I broke my foot. Then I broke my cheekbone. By the time I was ready to play, the team was going good and Emile wasn't about to change it around for me. Last fall I asked Emile if he would trade me."

"I remember a plane trip I made with Emile last spring," says Bowman. "He said that someday, somewhere, Berenson was going to make somebody a helluva hockey player. He said he only wished it could be in New York." It has happened instead in St. Louis, to the surprise of neither Bowman, Francis nor Berenson himself—although few others in hockey expected any such miracle.

One day in December, Bowman handed 3-by-5 cards to the players during a team meeting. Bowman asked each man to write how many points he thought the team would score during the rest of the season and how many goals and as-

continued



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HOCKEY (continued)

sists he would personally contribute. "We were in fifth place with 23 points," Bowman says. "I told them we would probably need 68 to make the playoffs. The cards came back with modest predictions. A few had us missing the playoffs altogether. But Berenson? First he thought we'd get 50 points good enough for first place. Then—even though he had only one St. Louis goal at the time—he predicted he would score 20 goals and 30 assists in the remainder of the season." Berenson, who has 22 goals and 26 assists for the year, has scored 19 goals and 20 assists since the day he filled out the card.

Without Berenson, says Bowman, the Blues would merely be playing out the season for experience. But without Bowman, say the experts, the team would have those blues you can't lose.

Bowman has the ability to handle each man as an individual, from the ultra-sensitive Hall ("If he doesn't throw up before a game, he's not ready") right on to the belligerent Plager brothers, Barclay and Bob. "Scotty just seems to understand us," says Berenson. "It's as simple as that."

Bowman says he understands hockey players, because he played hockey himself. The truth of the matter is, he would probably be playing professionally today had not Jean Guy Talbot lost his temper 17 years ago and broken his stick over Bowman's head during a junior game in the Montreal Forum. "I was lucky," Bowman says with a wince. "The doctors said if the stick doesn't break, I'm dead." Bowman never played again, while Talbot, after being suspended for three years for clubbing Bowman, went on to 12 brilliant seasons as a defenseman for the Canadiens.

It was to talk about Talbot that Lynn Patrick walked into Bowman's office one afternoon this winter. "Scotty," he said to his coach, "Detroit has asked waivers on Talbot." Selected third by Minnesota in the expansion draft, Talbot subsequently had been traded to the Red Wings. He was 35 years old and sliding out of the NHL.

"He can still skate, can't he?" asked Bowman.

"I think so," replied Patrick.

"Then claim him," said Bowman.

Jean Guy Talbot is now leading Canadianlike rushes for young Mr. Bowman, who insists: "We can always use a guy who can skate."

END

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BOATING / Jeannette Bruce

Vacation is time for school

'Why waste winters up North,' say the founders of Sailing Symposiums, Inc., 'when you could be in the Bahamas learning how to win races?'

All over the U.S. this summer a lot of former hackers may suddenly emerge as first-class racing sailors and a lot of good sailors may be better ones thanks to a new school that is just completing its first semester. The school is popularly known as Bahamas Race Week because its principal classroom is the waters off West End, Grand Bahama Island. Officially known as Sailing Symposiums, Inc., it was the invention of Steve Colgate, 32-year-old president of New York's Offshore Sailing School, and Knowles Pittman, editor of *One-Design & Offshore Yachtsman*, sailboat racing's best magazine. From October to April, these two reasoned, many a frustrated sailor is simply sitting, oiling his turnbuckles and waiting for the spring thaw. Why not give him a chance to combine a winter vacation with a chance to really learn the techniques of his favorite sport in a balmy climate with some of the best racing sailors around to serve as instructors?

"People can talk all they like about sailing for esthetic pleasure," says Chuck Ulmer, who makes sails in City Island when he is not winning races elsewhere, "but sooner or later most every sailor will want to take up racing." Ulmer was quick to accept an invitation to join the symposium as a guest instructor, as was another sailmaker, Owen Torrey, a bronze medalist in the 1948 Olympics.

Torrey and Ulmer were on duty on the school's late sessions three weeks ago, along with Don Loweree, one of the permanent instructors and a highly competent sailorman with a master's degree in, of all things, music. During earlier weeks the roster of instructors in the Bahamas had sparkled with the names of the great and near great: George O'Day, who more than anyone else may deserve the title Mr. Yacht Racing; Wally Ross, president of Hard Sails Inc.; Canadian Olympian Bruce Kirby; former World Star Class Champion Dick Stearns; Dr.

Stuart Walker, who has done as much to encourage small-boat racing as any man in the nation; Harry Sindle, six times national champion in the Flying Dutchman class; 5-0-5 champ John Marshall, et al., et al. In pairs they had faced each new group of students as it arrived, about 25 sailors per session, lecturing them long and hard at the blackboards and giving them solid tactical training in the school's fleet of Norwegian-built Solings.

Now it was the turn of Ulmer and Torrey. Ulmer the pragmatist, Torrey the intellectual. "If it works, do it," says Chuck. "If it works, why does it work?" wonders Owen. "Most people lose races because they ignore the obvious," says Chuck. "If you have three alternatives," says Owen, "you ought to be able to determine scientifically which of the three is best."

The student sailors facing Professors Ulmer and Torrey ranged in age from the mid-20s to the mid-50s and in skill from hopeless to promising. The youngest, 28-year-old Bob Benkert, owns a man's apparel store in Birmingham, Mich., the oldest, Dr. John Thomas, 57, practices pediatrics in Omaha. There were five doctors in all, including a pathologist and an orthopedic surgeon, a florist, four attorneys, a cookie manufacturer, a real-estate man, a printer, a paper manufacturer, a pile-driving contractor, a safety-equipment manufacturer, a painting contractor, a lieutenant colonel stationed with the U.S. Continental Army Command in Virginia, and Charles Owens, founder of the Owens Yacht Co. Most of the men had brought their wives along. Three of the wives, having crewed at home for their husbands, signed up for the course.

In assigning crews, bachelor Colgate promptly separated husbands and wives. "Women tend to defer too much to their husbands," he explained. "Or else some

husbands are too concerned about what their wives are doing, which distracts them from what *they're* supposed to be doing. When men sail with their wives, they frequently get too bossy. In this symposium, everyone has to take his turn skipping and crewing. I remember one couple I separated and found, at the end of the week, that the woman had the best record, her husband had the worst."

The students were divided into two groups, A and B, depending on skill and experience. "If the air isn't too heavy," Colgate announced to B group, "we'll have a spinnaker drill." "Oh, Lord," moaned Harriet Golden, a housewife from New Rochelle, N.Y., "I can never get that damn spinnaker up." "Or down for that matter," muttered Harriet's husband.

Getting safely out of the harbor was B group's first challenge. A bootlegger's haven during Prohibition days, the harbor is narrow and sheltered by a line of cays that run roughly north and south.

When a boat emerges into the sea, it must fight its way through a channel bucking a strong current. A tremendous turbulence may send three-to-five-foot waves across the bow before a boat breaks through into quiet water.

Loweree and Ulmer followed the Solings in a Boston Whaler. Colgate and Torrey manned the commuttee boat. Chuck Ulmer, who had been full of charm and humorous anecdote in the classroom, was all business once sailing instruction got under way, stern of demeanor and loud of voice.

"Where is the first mark?" shouted a crew member of No. 10.

Ulmer looked incredulous, then raised a horn to his lips. "Figure it out! In a race no one is going to tell you where the mark is."

A red flag was hoisted on the commuttee boat, and one short blast of a horn signaled the start of the race. The boats tacked toward the start, all but Soling No. 11, which was blithely sailing off in the opposite direction, carrying

confused Skipper Peter Starrett, Foredeck Man Allan Bridge and Jibman Harriet Golden. Reported Dr. Starrett later to his intrigued classmates: "In no time at all, not only could we not see any of the marks, we couldn't even see the other boats."

"There are lots of holes in the air," Ulmer shouted to No. 11 sometime later, "as you ought to be able to see, and if you don't get some wind, you're not going to make it."

Now he was after No. 14: "Trim your main! Bring her upward."

"Tighten your luff, No. 11. Your job's got some scallops in it."

"Hey, No. 10! Your mainsail is out too far. So is your job. Do you see what's on the water ahead of you? Look at the telltales. See those cat's-paws coming toward you? That's wind. You should be able to react to it."

At last it was spinnaker time, and Ulmer had his work cut out for him.

"Keep your eye on the competition," he shouted at the colonel. "Are you

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BOATING continued

ready to set the chute? That sheet is leading from the wrong place. When you trim a sail, look at it! Your headboard is jammed on the backstay" (One suspected that Ulmer, a graduate of the Naval Academy, enjoyed giving the Army hell.)

"Get the spinnaker out from under the jib, No. 13. Now it's wrapped around the bow. Free it. Your pole is too high. Why is your crew looking around? They should be trimming the spinnaker."

"Don't roll the jib until you set the chute, No. 14. Your spinnaker sheet is running through the reaching block. Now trap your guy. Now ease the sheet some more. Now go up and roll the jib, get it out of the way."

Spinnakers, brilliantly colored, rose and hilled.

"My God!" said Ulmer leebly, and he sat down in the Whaler, watching apathetically as the incorrigible No. 11, now being skapped by Bridge on a port tack, headed straight for Soling No. 14, on starboard, which is about as illegal as crossing a highway against a red light.

"Starboard tack! Starboard tack!" screamed the crew of No. 14. Soling No. 11 sailed blithely on, and No. 14, at the last possible moment, here off. Sailors Finner, Kahnweiler and Levy raised their protest flag with a cheer. After lunch they met in the Set 'n' Be Damned bar lounge of the hotel (while a group was out on the water) to wash down their indignation with martinis, and pen their protest. This document eventually filled six pages of the small, gaily decorated stationery provided by the hotel.

At the afternoon meeting, which took place daily in the Eleuthen Room, it was read aloud, all six pages.

"It was a clear case of port-starboard violation," Colgate ruled, adding with a sigh, "I suppose that before the week is over we ought to take up the matter of how to present a proper protest."

By the middle of the week a few members of the B group had been promoted to A, and two or three of the later group had been demoted to B. There had been no serious damage to any of the boats, though Soling No. 13 seemed to be a bit accident prone. She had gone up on the rocks in a practice run on the first day, scraped her keel, lost her mast-head fly, fouled the same mast in the rigging of another boat and suffered a 10-

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inch tear in her mainsail at the clew. Owen Torrey spent an afternoon with needle and thread, rocking in the Soling, like an old lady darning a sock.

The lectures, both practical and erudite, ranged from How to Prepare for a Major Regatta to Scientific Research in Sailing. Torrey, who had given up an established practice in maritime law to make sails, discussed ways and means of testing the porosity of the spinnaker. To illustrate, he drew a series of complicated diagrams on the blackboard, until it was filled with a maze of cross-sections, arrows and triangles.

"There's another way," drawled the practical Ulmer, twinkling. "Clamp the spinnaker over your nose and mouth. If you survive, it's porous."

Questions came fast from the student sailors. How do you slow down, other than by shifting your weight aft? How do you stop? How can you tell where the maximum current is? How can you shake weed off your keel? (Answer to the last: if you don't have a weed pole, head right up into the wind until you come to a stop and start drifting backwards. The weed will fall off.)

Owen Torrey had a few thoughts on weed. "When heeling," he said, "you can see the keel. If you don't have weed, you know you're doing something wrong." "What is the single most important aspect of racing?" one sailor asked. "Your mental attitude," said Steve Colgate quickly. "You have to want to win. The race isn't over until you cross the finish line. Even if you're 10 boats behind, keep in mind that God is going to strike down some of those boats ahead of you." "Knowing the rules," said Ulmer. "You not only get a tactical advantage but a psychological one as well. I remember a race when someone on a port tack yelled 'Larboard!' [the old-fashioned word for port] at a starboard tack boat—and the fellow came about."

"I would suggest," said Steve Colgate, as the meeting broke up, "that Group B, particularly, read the section in the racing manual headed *Common Mistakes We've Observed*."

Colgate is not sure he will offer a basic sailing course next year, though he enjoyed his hackers—particularly the one who wrote, after his session in the Bahamas was over, "Thank you for letting us play Russian roulette with your beautiful Solings."

END

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Dick Francis was riding the Queen Mother's horse, Devon Loch, in the 1956 Grand National before 250,000 people. He had the race won when suddenly Devon Loch lunged, slid and stopped. To this day no one has found out what happened or why. The key character in this baffling enigma, Francis has himself become the author of suspense novels with horse-racing backgrounds, all six of them reflecting his remarkable narrative skill

MYSTERY MAKES A WRITER

BY ROBERT CANTWELL

It was 32 minutes and 11 seconds past 3 o'clock in the afternoon, give or take a few fractions of a second. A big brown gelding named Devon Loch, running easily, took the lead at the third from the last fence at Aintree, pulled away steadily from a hard-totling horse in second place and led on the flat toward the finish line by six lengths or more. No one was remotely threatening. The third horse was 16 lengths back, and the next was 26 lengths behind Devon Loch.

A little more than a hundred feet from

the finish line Devon Loch made a sort of lunge into the air, came down on his belly and slid seven feet on the grass. His hind legs were stretched out flat behind him. His front legs extended in a widening V as he slid forward. But what seemed strangest was that he appeared undistressed. His head was up, his ears pricked with an expression—however unrealistic it seems to say it—of interest and curiosity.

His jockey, a wiry 35-year-old veteran named Dick Francis, pitched forward between Devon Loch's ears, until

the visor of his cap was almost touching the horse's nose. He held on and straightened up, but with such gyrating arm and body movements that he looked as if he were fighting off a swarm of bees. Devon Loch tried to rise, front legs drawn in, hind legs still extended out behind, flat as a seal's flippers. While Francis was struggling for balance, Devon Loch drew in his left hind leg with a momentary writhing motion, a slight half-pivot, and regained his balance. He stood motionless.

The subsequent winner came by, a

continued



good, well-backed horse named F.S.B., whose time was only a second off the best in the 117-year history of the Grand National. But forget him. The 1956 Grand National will always be Devon Loch's. If he had taken a few more strides he would not only have won—the first royal horse to do so since *Ambush II* won for the Prince of Wales in 1900—but he undoubtedly would have smashed all records in doing it. And as it was, he provided THE MOST DRAMATIC GRAND NATIONAL OF ALL, as *The Sporting Life* headlined it, with characteristic British restraint, or, in the words of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, "the greatest tragedy in the history of sport."

While 250,000 people looked on in awed silence, Devon Loch's griths were loosened. For seven or eight minutes the horse seemed unable to move. The official racing notebook of the Queen Mother reads, "He was all at sea and seemed temporarily to have lost the use of his hind legs . . . The cause will forever remain a mystery." Mrs. Mirabel Topham, the owner of Aintree, said she considered it "one of the most astounding spectacles in the history of world-wide racing." So did millions of watchers of the newsreels. When Devon Loch finally was taken to his stall, the veterinarians could find nothing whatsoever wrong with him. "I don't think it will ever be explained," said Peter Cazalet, the Queen's trainer. "It's an absolute mystery."

What happens if you find yourself and a horse the central characters in an impenetrable mystery? Lately there has been one unexpected consequence; Dick Francis has come back into public attention as the author of horse-racing mysteries himself. He has now published six of these novels, four of them in the past three years, and authorities in this branch of letters say they are the best books of their kind ever written. Literary critics have not paid much attention to them, but they have been translated into Italian, German, Finnish, Danish, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish and Japanese, and Francis has acquired an enthusiastic following, headed by that eminent baritone and horse owner, Bing

Crosby. The reviews they get are generally those capsule comments on this week's mysteries that appear in the back pages of book-review sections. There the exacting specialists on detective stories usually give them high marks. One said recently that it was time to stop asking how it came about that an ex-jockey was such a good writer, and to ask how it came about that such a good writer became a jockey. Last fall, when Francis' *Blood Sport* was published in England, the *London Times* reviewed it at some length, suggesting that Francis was really a literary rather than a racing figure and concluded: "*Blood Sport* is a first-class novel, never mind the horses."

The lesson would seem to be that if you become mixed up in a mystery you cannot solve, write one yourself. Dick Francis writes his books in a comfortable, compact little house on the outskirts of the village of Blewbury, about an hour's train ride from London. He is a forthright, energetic individual, with a narrow, tapering jockey's frame, broad shoulders, an abundant thatch of thick black hair and lean, triangular features on which you can see faint crisscrossed scars where skilled surgeons have sewed up the wounds left from falls on many fine Thoroughbreds. He tends to sit well forward in a chair, his back straight, legs apart, hands on his knees, like someone resting in a saddle, whenever he plunges into a literary discussion. The great question about his books, of course, is, what light do they throw on the Devon Loch mystery? The answer is a complex one, except in the sense that his bafflement with Devon Loch generated them all.

"A horseman can tell—as soon as he picks up a book or a newspaper, he can tell—whether the person writing knows about horses," Francis said. His English readers know that he knows what he is talking about. Francis was the Queen Mother's jockey, the jockey of the late Lord Bicester, whose horses were the best in the kingdom, and the champion jockey in the 1953-54 season, when he rode 76 winners in 331 races. He began racing as an amateur in 1946, and when he retired 10 years later he

had ridden in 2,305 races, with 345 wins, 285 seconds and 240 thirds, impressive totals for anyone's steeplechasing career. Only a dozen British jockeys ride in more than 200 races a year.

During that decade Francis was a part of what the turf historian Ivor Herbert described as "a small busy itinerant circus of professionals and amateurs whizzing around the 50 tracks of Britain in a sort of mobile club." The steeplechasing season extends from August to June, but flat racing commands public attention during the summer months, and steeplechasing is thought of as a winter sport, horses and riders hopping from Newton Abbot to Market Rasen to Stratford-on-Avon to Newcastle, Fontwell, Wolverhampton, Kempton, Taunton, Doncaster, Newbury and so on around, until the season reaches its climax in the classics of the Cheltenham Gold Cup and the Grand National in the spring. Flat racers often stay a bit longer at one track than steeplechasers, who race a day or two at one place, move on to another and explore the British Isles, from Ayr in Scotland to Bangor-on-Dee in Wales with side trips to Ireland.

This is Dick Francis' world, and while he may not know what happened to Devon Loch, he knows what happened to lots of other horses and riders at many other places. His novels evoke innumerable wintry racecourse scenes: the weighing rooms, with the cold, half-dressed jockeys gathered around a red-hot, potbellied stove, a race in the rain at Bristol, when soaked and muddied jerseys and "a cold, steady, unrelenting wetness took most of the pleasure out of racing"; a race in a February fog, one fence scarcely visible from the next, horses and riders moving in a lonely, private limbo, "an eerie, severed world in which anything might happen"; a great day at Cheltenham, with bright sunlight, a holiday mood in the crowd and excitement almost crackling in the air. The events he writes about may be imaginary, but he knows precisely where they happened.

There is an inexplicable accident or a sinister racecourse conspiracy to begin

continued

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with in each of the books—a wire stretched across a jump to bring down the horse that seemed certain to win, in *Dead Cert*, the unaccountable suicide of a jockey in the parade ring before a big race, in *Nerve*, the machinations of a gang moving in on a racecourse, in *Oddly Against*, the murder of a journalist investigating a doping scandal, in *For Kicks*; graft and espionage intermingled with the shipment of racehorses to Europe, in *Flying Finish*; the substitution of an inferior, look-alike horse for a \$1.5 million stallion shipped to the U.S., in *Blood Sport*. Racegoers are knowledgeable people, and such happenings in Francis' books are subjected to a careful scrutiny by readers looking for flaws. That wire across the fence in *Dead Cert*, for example. "I wondered about that, too," I said to Francis recently. "Wouldn't it have left a deep cut that would have given away the plot?"

He looked surprised. "No, it wouldn't be as high as that," he said. "It would catch his legs. But it wouldn't have to be all that absolutely dead tight, because it would catch his legs and would give, but it would put him off his balance in midair altogether."

In *For Kicks* a young Australian horseman is persuaded to come to England to masquerade as a stable lad where he listens in on discussions of dirty work at the tracks, such as waterlogging a horse with a bucket of water just before a race, nobbling him with a squirt of acid as he goes to the post, pouring half a bottle of whiskey down his throat or feeding him an apple stuffed with sleeping pills. From *For Kicks* there emerges such a picture of intoxicated, dazed, tranquilized, drowsy, stupefied and waterlogged horses stumbling around the track—though opponents of steepplechasing insist the races are like that even if the horses have not been tampered with—that the job of cleaning the stables appears to be too much for a Hercules, let alone young Dan Roke.

But Dan gives himself away because he rides too well to be the inexperienced stable lad he is pretending to be.

"How would that show itself?" I asked Francis.

He appeared dumfounded. "Well, if a whole line of lads came in front of me, I'd know which could ride," he said. "It's just how they get up, and how they sit there after they get up."

Mrs. Francis, a pretty, relaxed and youthful-looking woman, asked, "But how do you know a good rider from a bad rider, if you just see them riding out?"

Well, it's difficult to explain," he said. "There are horses who have rather queer mouths. If you put a chap on them who has heavy hands, or rough hands, the horse turns his head about every which way. But if you put someone on him who's got good hands, you'll see that horse go away sweetly and behave himself and do what the chap on top wants, without any effort. You see someone with bad hands, he'll take a long, long time to make that horse do what he wants him to. And then he probably won't do it in the right way. Young Roke didn't remember to make it look as if he couldn't ride, and grab at everything, and say, 'Oh, come here!' A lot of horses are difficult to control or have been broken badly, but as soon as you see a good rider on the horse, the horse goes sweetly for him, or more sweetly than it does for a lot of other people. He passes the signals through his hands, and the horse thinks, 'That fellow on my back now is all right, and I'm happy.'"

Before writing *Blood Sport*, which is laid in part in the U.S., Francis rode horses in the mountains near Jackson Hole, Wyo. "When Mary and I were on a vacation in the States, we had to change our plans because of the airplane strike," he said, "and we traveled 7,000 miles by Greyhound bus. We stayed at a dude ranch, and I rode out with the men when they took the horses into the hills every morning. I got up at 5 o'clock to do it." At the climax of the novel the stolen Thoroughbred is led along a path with a rock wall on one side and a 300-foot drop on the other. "I couldn't have written that if I hadn't been there," he said.

Before writing *Flying Finish* Francis hured out as a groom to fly with a shipment of horses to Milan. "I know the people in the British Bloodstock Agency in London," he said. "That's where being in the horse world is a help. I asked them, 'Can I fly to Europe with some load of horses you're sending over?' 'Oh, yes,' they said, 'that will be all right.' We flew to Milan one morning with eight horses, and then flew back with eight. The manager of the agency told me about the bonuses that are paid for exports—not only horses but all sorts of business. If you export to certain parts of the world, you get a bonus from the government. I thought, 'How about this? This is a good idea. Suppose they just send the same animals back and forth, change their names and collect the bonus every time.' I can't just write about anything, like someone walking down the street. I couldn't have written *Flying Finish* if I hadn't flown with the horses."

Not that Francis considers his novels to be literary contributions. No one from *The Pony Review* has appeared at Penny Chase to interview him about his creative processes. This may be just as well, for when Dick Francis talks about his literary background, he seems to find it remarkable not that he wound up writing novels but that he learned to read and write at all.

He was born in 1920 into a family of horsemen living near Tenby, a coast town in Wales in a region known as "the little England beyond Wales" because English-speaking immigrants who settled there in the Middle Ages never mastered the Welsh language or the spelling of names of the nearby communities. By ingenuity and by keeping busy around his father's stables, Dick contrived to go to school only two or three days a week until he was 15, at which age he quit forever.

"How did you get away with it?" I asked. "Weren't there any truant officers in Wales?"

"My father thought it was better for a boy to learn about riding than to learn about arithmetic," he said. "He thought it was more beneficial. The big hunting

continued

days were Mondays and Fridays. The school week was Monday through Friday. I used to get up early on Monday and Friday mornings. I'd see Father and ask if I could go hunting. 'Yes, boy, you can go hunting.' Mother used to get annoyed, but Father thought it was more beneficial to me. I think probably he was right."

His father was the manager of a famous hunting stable at Holyport. He bought young horses, trained and resold them and eventually went into business for himself. There were eight or nine nagmen in the stable training hunters, and Dick and his brother Douglas (later a noted trainer himself) were allowed to school the young ponies that were too small for the heavier men to ride. Neither boy ever had a riding lesson. The senior Francis' educational theories extended to horsemanship, and he believed in learning by trial and error alone.

When Dick was 12 years old and in the hospital—a pony named Tulip fell backward on him, breaking two teeth,

his palate, jaw and nose—his convalescence was speeded by a chance to ride for a circus owner. Bertram Mills persuaded Dick's father to let the boy ride his show ponies. Mills was a former undertaker who improvised a circus one year when postwar shipping difficulties prevented Ringling Brothers from reaching London. His circus became an institution, but as he grew wealthy his main interest turned to his show horses and the prizes they collected at fashionable shows. Dick's job was to travel with the ponies, sleeping in a bunk in the boxcar, and then ride them in one show after another. For several years, also, he worked at showing hunters to prospective buyers, transporting the horses to the estates of customers and riding with the hounds to show what they could do.

It was a pleasant existence, and—aside from his disappointment that no one answered when he wrote to all the trainers—he knew asking to become a jockey—Dick had no complaints. During the war, however, he began to regret his fore-shortened education. He joined the Royal Air Force, expecting to become a pilot, and found himself an airframe fitter, cleaning, greasing, dismantling and reassembling airplanes. Eventually, after service as a mechanic in North Africa, he qualified for pilot training and says he tried to figure out latitude and longitude problems by counting on his fingers. He also trained as a pilot of troop-carrying gliders and wound up his war service piloting a bomber on diversionary raids over Germany and patrol duty over the North Sea.

He got his first ride after the war—as an amateur—at Woore, on October 17, 1946 on a horse named Russian Hero that won the Grand National three years later. He finished fourth. On May 3, 1947, after he had ridden in 39 races and taken seven falls, he won his first race, at Bangor-on-Dee on a horse named Wrenbury Tiger. He had 62 races that season and won nine. Many of the people for whom he rode were farmers owning only a horse or two, for whom a professional jockey's fee (£10 for the winner, £7 for the others) represented

a sizable addition to their racing budget. During his second season Francis rode in 142 races, and the stewards of the National Hunt Committee, which runs British steeplechasing (as well as the British Empire, according to legend), called him in and pointed out that he was taking rides away from jockeys who depended on their fees for their livelihood. He had to decide to become a professional or limit his racing to the few events during the season that are for amateur riders only.

He became a professional. That meant he no longer appeared on the programs as Mr. R. Francis but as plain R. Francis. Also, amateur riders can moonlight as racing writers, and professionals cannot, but in those days nothing was further from Francis' mind than writing about racing or anything else. The change was academic for some time in any event, for at Cheltenham during the transition period a promising brown gelding named Clare Dragon fell at the fourth fence, with the result that neither Mr. Francis nor R. Francis, suffering a broken collarbone, did any riding for a while.

The next season he rode 23 winners in 117 races. He also got his first ride on a really fine horse—Silver Fame, a big pale chestnut, winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup and the best horse Lord Bicester ever owned. It was at Worcester on a fine October afternoon, and Francis was substituting for Lord Bicester's regular jockey, who had a conflicting engagement in Ireland. The official record of that race merely reads: "The withdrawal of Silver Fame was announced after the race." Francis found the occasion a good deal more troubling than the record indicates. As he cantered to the start, he noticed a trickle of blood on Silver Fame's nose. It was slight, and the opportunity to ride was so important to him that he hated to do anything. But Silver Fame was so valuable that he asked the starter's permission to withdraw and it was granted.

No damage was done, either to his reputation or to Silver Fame. That same afternoon he won on Lord Bicester's Rosmond, and two weeks later he won on



Before the 1956 race the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret visited their rider.

Silver Fame at Stratford-on-Avon. Thereafter he rode regularly on the outstanding horses of Lord Bicester and other prominent owners. Among these was Finnure, on which in one season he won five of seven races. In *Dead Cert* the hero explains why he likes to ride any horse in any race: "The gripping happiness I always felt when cantering down to the starting gate." And in *Nerve* a jockey who has become used to riding inferior mounts explains the sensation of riding a good one. "He was smooth and steady, and his rocketing spring over the first fence had me gasping. He landed yards out on the far side, collected himself without faltering, and surged ahead towards the winning post. . . . The utter joy of riding lay in the feeling of immense power which he generated. There was no need to make the best of things on his back, to fiddle and scramble and hope for others to blunder."

That was Francis riding Finnure, his favorite of all he rode, or Lochroe, Silver Fame, Cradwell and Devon Loch. Romond, another famous horse, was more

complex, he says. Romond was a magnificent animal (a photograph of him and Francis leaping Becher's Brook in the Grand National was plastered all over England, advertising Player's cigarettes) but moody and temperamental, so much so that Francis could scarcely believe he had a chance to win when he rode Romond in the 1949 Grand National shortly after he became Lord Bicester's jockey. There were 43 starters that year, of which 11 completed the course (including two that were remounted after falls). One ran out, one refused to jump Becher's Brook the second time around, and 32 fell, one being killed. To Francis' surprise, Romond ran with enthusiasm, took the lead and in the last mile seemed on the way to winning. Just before the finish a horse passed him, going so fast that Francis knew he could not overtake him. The horse was Russian Hero, the winner, the first horse Francis had ridden in a race. Romond finished second, eight lengths back.

Francis moved into big-time racing at an ideal moment. The 1949-50 season was accounted one of the best in steeplechase history, and the next was even better. For the first time crowds on cold winter afternoons began to equal the summer crowds at flat races. Credit for the revival of the sport went to Lord Mildmay, who, with Peter Cazalet, interested the royal family, particularly the Queen Mother, in horse racing. Public interest continued to grow as the royal horses, Monaveen, M'as-tu-vu and especially Devon Loch, began to win.

Lord Mildmay was a tall, lanky, quiz-zacal individual, dedicated to riding the winner in the Grand National. He nearly won one year, but a recurring neck cramp, the consequence of a broken neck in a fall, left him almost paralyzed as his horse approached the finish. During the steeplechasing season Lord Mildmay hurried from race to race, as busy as the hardest-working professional jockey. He usually headed the list of amateur riders and piled up a lifetime total of 197 wins in 1,037 races. In 1932 he visited Peter Cazalet, who had a fine stable of his own, and remained with Cazalet 18 years. He rode out every morning

at 6.30, ate a boiled egg and drove off for the train to London, where he worked at his job in Barings bank.

Melodrama more sensational than anything in Francis' mysteries broke on the horse world on May 12, 1950, when Lord Mildmay disappeared. He was 41 years old and had just finished his most successful year in the season then ending. It was believed he had suffered a neck cramp while going for a morning swim at his estate on the Devon coast, but his body was never recovered.

Lord Mildmay left his horses to Cazalet, who asked Francis to ride Statecraft for him in the Cheltenham Gold Cup. His regular jockey had been injured. Statecraft pulled a tendon halfway through the race, but the occasion led to Francis' riding regularly for Cazalet and ultimately for the Queen Mother. He never rode Monaveen, the first horse owned by a Queen of England in 235 years, but he won on M'as-tu-vu in his first race at Kempton Park. Still, it was Devon Loch with which he was irrevocably associated in the public mind, partly on the strength of two splendid races in which he rode the horse to successive victories before the Grand National, partly because Francis reached the peak of his racing career just as Devon Loch was coming into his own.

Francis' side of the success story began as far back as 1952, when he formed a working partnership with Cradwell, a former flat racer, a lightly framed, delicate animal. Francis won nine of Cradwell's first 10 races after Cradwell became a chaser. In all, Francis won 15 races on the horse, who finished his career with 43 victories, more than any other chaser had since the beginning of this century. During the season of 1953-54 (when Francis became champion jockey) another small, lightly built racer named Lochroe added some impressive totals to those of Cradwell. Francis, who began the season with seven wins and two seconds in six days, coaxed Lochroe to a victory in his first race, a novice hurdle, at Fontwell Park. Two weeks later he rode Lochroe at Stratford-on-Avon and won again. Two weeks after that, at Nottingham, he rode Loch-

continued



At home in a London suburb, Francis rides now to relax after writing sessions

ree to his third successive victory, beginning a record streak that did not end until Lochroe was finally retired with 30 victories in 58 races. By Christmas, halfway through the season, Francis had won 40 races. And when Lochroe graduated to steeplechasing the following October, Francis rode him to three more successive triumphs.

But winning was not always that easy. As champion jockey, Francis rode Rose Park, one of the two English horses invited to an International Steeplechase at Belmont in 1954. It was an English debacle: the horses had not recovered after a disastrous 32-hour flight, and American fences added a finishing touch. The birch sticks that top English fences must be cleared, but in the U.S. they are loose and horses can brush through them without injury. "We were wasting time going up in the air over each obstacle," Francis said, "and the American horses were shooting by below us."

There were setbacks of other kinds. Francis fell with Roimond, the co-favorite, in his second Grand National (in which only seven of 49 starters finished the course), and in the third National the following year he fell with the sure-footed Finnure in an 11-horse pileup at the first fence. All told in his racing career he suffered a fractured vertebra, broke his arm, his wrist, his collarbone (10 times) and numerous ribs and dislocated both shoulders, which are still prone to pop out of place painfully with any violent arm movement. And the year after he was champion jockey, his record of wins dropped to only 33 in 283 rides from the previous year's total of 76 in 331.

But the next season—that is, the year of his 1956 ride on Devon Loch in the Grand National—began brilliantly: by Christmas he had won 27 races. Francis first rode Devon Loch when the horse returned to racing after a two-year lay-off. It was a novice hurdle at Newbury, and they finished sixth, but Francis was so impressed by Devon Loch's speed and endurance—and by his alert intelligence—that he thought Devon Loch could become a Grand National win-

ner. Devon Loch's next race was at Hurst Park, where he beat 12 good horses, including Lochroe, which Francis was riding. In preparation for the 1956 Grand National, Cazalet planned six races to bring Devon Loch to his peak. Francis rode him in the first of these, a hurdle at Sandown, in which he finished fourth. A week later Francis rode Devon Loch again at Lingfield, in Devon Loch's first three-mile steeplechase, and he won by four lengths. Three weeks later, with Francis riding him again, Devon Loch won a big race at Sandown from a field that included some famous horses: Cottage Lane, Mariner's Log, Armorial III, Hipparchus and Domata.

Francis did not ride Devon Loch the next two races of his buildup. In one, the King George VI at Kempton Park, he was again on Lochroe, who fell. Devon Loch, after filtering midway, was no better than fifth. Francis was recuperating from a series of falls when the next big race, the Mildmay Memorial at Sandown, came along, and in this Devon Loch was third. But the first four horses went over the finish line less than two lengths apart, a neck separating Devon Loch and Must, who was fourth.

Races as exciting as these would probably have made Devon Loch a popular hero even if he had not been owned by the Queen Mother. As it was, each of his races was a sensation. Francis rode Devon Loch once again, his last race before the Grand National, a relatively quiet one in which Devon Loch was third to Kerstin. This was no disgrace, for Kerstin had three wins and two seconds in five races.

And so Devon Loch went into the Grand National. Every hotel in Liverpool had been sold out for weeks. Twenty-six special trains carried crowds to the city, not counting the royal train of 10 claret-colored cars bearing Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. A party of Russian dignitaries, headed by Malenkov, watched from Mrs. Topham's box. The 250,000 spectators in the huge, homely, weather-beaten stands at Aintree, consuming 500,000 bottles of beer during the day, made Devon Loch one of the favorites,

after Must and Sundew. The weather was perfect, the track good, racing conditions ideal.

Francis says there is never any relief from the tension of the Grand National, no matter how often you ride in it: "You have a last private word with your trainer, who looks as strained as you feel. Then you sit in the changing room and wait. . . . Rows of silent jockeys sit on the benches, with their elbows on their knees, and stare at their boots. Half an hour passes interminably. . . ."

There were 29 starters. Francis found Devon Loch taking the formidable Aintree fences as if they were merely hurdles. He had one anxious moment when Domata fell and rolled to where Devon Loch would normally have landed, but Devon Loch changed directions on his own, sidestepped and raced on without losing momentum. Armorial III, leading much of the way, fell at the 26th fence, and at the next fence Devon Loch took a commanding lead. Twenty yards from the last fence Francis could see that Devon Loch was going to meet it perfectly and he thought the race was won. Devon Loch was not tired. He took the last fence as easily as if it were the first instead of the 30th. Francis was conscious of the waves of cheering rolling from the stands and of the finish line a few yards ahead. And then Devon Loch suddenly stopped.

I had intended to go to the King George VI at Kempton with Francis. It is the last big race of the year, and he has had all sorts of associations in both his novels and his career with this track outside London. There he won for the first time riding M'as-bu-vu for the Queen Mother. It was the first time she saw the horse win. Francis was startled by the tremendous roar from the crowd, so much louder than the usual cheering for a winner that he thought something extraordinary must have happened in the field behind him. There, too, he rode Devon Loch in a thriller when he was barely beaten by Rose Park. And Kempton was the scene of wins on horses he remembered and liked to talk

continued



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about: Finnure, Lochroc, Mont Tremblant and Crudwell. Racing was suspended because of the hoof-and-mouth epidemic, but Francis decided to drive the 30 miles or so across undulating farm country to Kempton; it had been one of the tracks that was the model for the imaginary course he pictured in *Odds Against*. Thus deals with the fiendish tricks of a gang trying to take over a racecourse so they can start a housing project on the grounds. They plug up the drains, softening the ground behind a jump, so a horse's forefeet sink 18 inches into the ground and break. They sabotage the safety valves of the boiler, hoping to blow up the place on a cold winter race day. The climax is a movie chase with the hero, a private investigator, dodging shots through labyrinthine passages under the stands.

The old steepletop Edwardian building, flanked by gleaming new glass-and-metal stands, fronting a broad, parklike expanse of uneven grass that was shining in the hazy sunlight, looked like a good setting for a mystery. Deserted and windblown on a day that should have been one of the great race days of the year, it seemed to symbolize steeplechasing as a threatened sport that is in some danger of being crowded off the map. Francis led the way into the weighing room, an expanse of worn wooden floor and wooden benches, at the side of which stood a huge scale with an armchair mounted on it, suggesting some sort of crude throne to be used in the rituals of a bankrupt fraternal order. Steeplechase jockeys sit down to be weighed. "They used to have balance scales," Francis said. "You sat in the chair and they piled weights on the other arm until they balanced."

Francis' imagination is strictly literal; when he describes a scene he duplicates some place he knows. He writes his books in pencil, trying to write something every day, but often working at night, or waking early and writing until 7:30, when he rides at a neighbor's farm to clear the cobwebs out of his head. Mystery stories require a lot of rearrangement, so the margins of his manuscripts are covered with arrows and lines showing

where passages are to be transferred, like hand-drawn maps giving directions for reaching some place over country roads. In the boiler room beneath the stands he demonstrated where he had imagined his hero to be hiding while gangsters raced down a passage looking for him. "There isn't any passage here, of course," he said apologetically. "But there is at Doncaster. The course in *Odds Against* is really a combination of the two. When you leave the weighing room at Doncaster you walk through a long tunnel to the saddling ring, and that's where they were waiting for him."

We went outside and walked the course. The fences looked enormous, with the dried gorse that had withered on their sides and the spiky woven thick stacks of blackened birch branches that formed their wide, wall-like tops.

"The ideal takeoff point would be about here," Francis said, standing eight feet in front of one. "A horse can get as close as half this distance and still get over. It's no good if he does get as close as that, because he's bound to hit some part with his legs and lose his spring and momentum. The more experienced a horse is and the more experienced the jockey, the better chance there is of getting the horse going—working—so he meets the fence in his stride. You'll find an experienced horse putting himself right for this fence as far as 150 feet back there. You can feel him getting his stride right, and just as you take off you squeeze him and say"—here he crouched down and uttered a deep growl—"Go on!" And you'll find he has gained a length on the other ones on the jump."

Horses and mysteries have been associated in the literary imagination ever since the fall of Troy. There appears to be a limitless supply of mystery-story plots in the stories of dubious bets, crafty frauds, ringers, thefts, ingenious swindles, conspiracies, doping and other misdoings that bubble up spontaneously wherever lots of people bet great amounts of money on races. From Francis' novels I had gotten an impression

of jockeys going through one too many frustrations, falling once too often, racing too many times on cold winter days—and returning to the dressing room and calling it quits. "No, it isn't like that at all," he said. "You always want to ride. But 40 is old age for a jockey. You get fewer and fewer rides, and the horses are not as good, and you have perhaps one ride where you used to have three or four a day, and finally you have to stop. But you always want to ride."

Francis himself continued to ride after Devon Loch's inexplicable stop. In fact, he won a race three days later on a horse he was previously committed to ride. He rode in a few more races before the season ended, winning eight, including the Welsh Grand National on Crudwell. But there were not nearly so many as he would have ridden in an ordinary year. The following season, his last, he started out as usual. He had a fair number of races, won 22 and was the leading jockey for a time. But he had a number of bad falls, and at 36 he found that he did not come back from them as quickly as he had in the past. His two sons were growing up (the older rode in his first race as an amateur last August, finishing third) and after a fall at Newbury, when a gifted jumper named Prince Stephen fell with him, kicked him in the stomach and broke his wrist, pressure was brought on him to stop while he was still alive.

"I spent an evening with Lord Abergavenny, who's one of the powers in racing," he said. "He's a man of great authority. He told me I had only a few more years at best, and strongly urged me to retire while I was ahead. I knew he was right, but I didn't want to believe it. When I left him I walked all through Hyde Park alone; I didn't want to face it. After I retired I kept going to the races and just standing around."

A short time later, Clive Graham, the racing writer for the London *Daily Express*, asked him to write a weekly column for the *Sunday Express*. After a few columns appeared, a literary agent, John Johnson, asked him to write his autobiography. Johnson's mother knew Francis' mother. That seems to be a pre-

continued

condition of English literary life—that somebody knows someone's family. "A chap came here, a ghostwriter," Francis said. "He told me what to do, and what he would do, and prepared to move in. Well, I couldn't have that. The upshot was I had to write it myself."

When the first chapters arrived, Johnson was surprised at their quality. He had expected a major rewriting job would be necessary and instead found a good book. He was right; Francis' autobiography, *The Sport of Queens*, is a simple, unadorned story, especially in the early chapters of recollections of a boyhood among horses, though later technical descriptions of courses are likely only to interest people who want to jump.

Some impression had persisted that when Francis visited the royal box after Devon Loch's abrupt stop the atmosphere was chill. The book says that was not true at all. When Devon Loch stopped, the stands grew silent. An observant journalist reported that Malenkov rose from his chair in Mrs. Topham's box, but the array of Russian bodyguards around him remained impassive. Francis' first thought was that Devon Loch's hind leg was broken. He dreaded the long walk to the dressing room under the eyes of the crowd. Even after a routine fall in a small race he hated that ordeal. Ambulance drivers had a tendency to drive away if they saw a fallen rider get up, and he had told Mary not to worry if he lay still after a fall: he would just be waiting for a ride. So as he groped around in the grass for his whip, he was relieved when the ambulance attendant offered to help him into the car. He was not crying—not then. "I was very grateful to him," he said. "He drove me down through the people in the paddock, and in the dressing room I got about half undressed. I got off my silks. I think. Then I couldn't do any more. I sat down on the bench. I was there for 10 minutes or so. Peter Cazalet came in when I was finally finishing dressing. He commiserated with me, and said, 'Dick, come along with me; they want to see you.' We went upstairs. They were all very kind and friendly. We commiserated, and talked for 15

minutes or so. Then Cazalet said, 'Let's take a look at that horse.' We went down to Devon Loch's stall. There was nothing whatever wrong with him."

In the evening after the race Francis and his wife and their two children visited his brother's farm for a time. To get away from the telephone, he and Mary walked down a country road beside the River Dee.

"Do you feel like jumping in?" Mary says she asked.

"It looks a bit cold and wet," he said, and that—except for sleepless nights, innumerable hours spent studying movies of Devon Loch's slide, and a lifelong perplexed interest in everything having to do with the event—ended the psychological impact of the disaster.

The theories as to what caused Devon Loch to stop are innumerable. Long after the race, elderly colonels from India were still writing to Cazalet explaining what must have happened. The Queen Mother's private secretary, Sir Martin Gilliat, said most theories "were products of imaginations more highly developed than Devon Loch's." One favorite was the ghost jump, a half lunge over a nonexistent obstacle. The run-in to the finish at Aintree is directly opposite the water jump on the inside track, and it was theorized Devon Loch momentarily expected to jump the water again and dropped in confusion when he saw the jump was not there. Francis says this was impossible—the water jump is really a long distance from where Devon Loch stopped, and the horse was too intelligent and alert to have made such a shattering mistake. Other theories are that the horse had a heart attack or suffered a sudden cramp from some traumatic exhaustion. Cazalet says he is sure there was no cramp; Devon Loch's ears were up, he gave no sign of distress and his legs showed no heat or swelling or other abnormality.

Francis' own theory is that Devon Loch ran into a kind of sound barrier. When they came over the last fence and the crowd saw that Devon Loch was going to win, the roar from the stands

was a physical blast of sound. Near the finish it rose with such intensity that it may have made Devon Loch jump in the way a human being jumps involuntarily at any loud noise.

But Francis does not advance the theory very positively. The notation on the race in the annual reference book, *Chorivorm*, merely reads:

"Devon Loch, 7th 1/4wy; 2nd 2nd C.T.: led 3 out; gng on when slipped & stopped el hunc," meaning Devon Loch was seventh at the halfway point, second at the second Canal Turn, took the lead at the third fence from the finish and was going on when he slipped and stopped. If you watch the films of the race in the BBC film library it seems as practical an explanation as any. Those two powerful hind legs gathered for a stride would wreak havoc if they slipped behind him. When you see the pictures of Francis groping around in the grass for his whip, you find yourself thinking of invisible barriers, rays, stuff out of science fiction, just the sort of thing to turn an imaginative person to writing mystery stories.

But walking around a racecourse with Dick Francis gives a different impression. His books are workmanlike mystery stories and make no pretense of being anything more. But they are rooted in hard-won realities—not merely every track, but every fence, hurdle and water jump occupies a concrete place in his mind. There is a latent poetry in them, compounded of love of racing, his feeling for it as an imperiled and misunderstood sport, his knowledge of horses and his own elemental kindness and integrity. His literary ability is strictly controlled, but you can sense it, beneath the mechanics of the plot, like a horse being held back from going too fast at the wrong time. If Francis could still be riding, literature would never get more than a glimpse of him jumping a fence far in the distance. But on the other hand, if he keeps on writing and improving from book to book—and if he ever gives his imagination its head—Devon Loch may have made a greater contribution to sporting literature by stopping where he did than he could ever have made by winning. END

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE NIT

While the NCAA tournament was getting down to four semifinals (page 26)—UCLA, Houston, North Carolina and Ohio State—New York's National Invitation Tournament cut its 16-team field in half in Madison Square Garden. But members of the selection committee, who had procrastinated before finally naming St. Peter's and LIU, the nation's No. 1 small-college team, were blushing mildly by the time the first round ended Saturday night. So far the two teams were the huts of the tournament.

One reason there was some hesitancy about St. Peter's, despite its fine 22-2 record, was that the Peacocks had fared miserably in three other trips to the NIT. And it looked suspiciously like that would happen again when Marshall led them 51-38 at the half before 17,602 fans, including a sizable—and noisy—group of St. Peter's diehards who had traveled across the river from Jersey City. But Eluardo Webster, a 6' 5" leaper with a good shooting eye, soon changed things. Popping away from the corners, dropping in layups and snatching rebounds (he had 17), Webster teamed with husky Pete D'Dea to lead St. Peter's on a 16-0 tear. When the game ended, the Peacocks were in an 83-81 tie with Marshall's heater-skitter gunners. St. Peter's finally won 102-93 in double overtime, and Webster scored 51 points, two short of George Mikan's 23-year-old tournament record. What was the difference between last year's team and this one? "I'm here," said Webster candidly. "That's the difference."

There was less suspense about the way Duke, the tournament favorite, handled Oklahoma City. Vic Bubas, with his team's 12-10 slowdown loss to North Carolina State in mind, had premised, "We'll come out shooting—if we haven't forgotten how." The Blue Devils remembered. Mike Lewis, Steve Vandenberg and Joe Kennedy bombed the poor Chiefs unmercifully and whipped them 93-81. DCU Coach Abe Lemons was so moved by the trouncing that he had his squad scrimmage on the Garden court at half time. "What was I going to tell them in the locker room?" said Lemons. "All I wanted them to do was hustle a little so we didn't get booted out of town."

Philadelphia teams earned an even break. Kansas—big, strong, domineering on the boards and with a clever attack quarterbacked by deadpan Jo Jo White—was just too much for smaller Temple Friday night. John Baum's rebounding and shooting (for

29 points) kept the Daws in the game for a while, but once Phil Harmon, a long-range bomber, began to drop in shots, it was all over for Temple. Kansas won 82-76.

Villanova, however, strangled Wyoming with its tricky "ball" defense and won easily, 77-66. Coach Jack Kraft's idea is "to get the pressure off you and put it on them," and what the Wildcats do basically is set up in a 2-2 zone and play the ball-handler man-to-man. They harass the outside shooters, clog the middle and shut off the passing lanes. The distressed Cowboys were rarely able to penetrate the defense, and Johnny Jones, a lithe jump shooter, wrecked them with 38 points. "We've played zones," said Coach Bill Strannigan admiringly, "but nothing as tough as this."

Maybe it was just the luck of the Irish, but Notre Dame caught Army off its usually disciplined game Saturday afternoon—the day before St. Patrick's Day—and beat the Cadets 62-58. It was not easy, though Bill Schutsky scored 22 points in the first half and Army led 38-37. Then the Notre Dame defense began to collapse around Schutsky and he got nine points the rest of the game. Still the Cadets were behind by only two with 4:34 to go. Then Dwight Murphy scored on a drive, Jim Derrig plucked in three foul shots and that settled it.

Almost everybody thought LIU, although beaten only once all year (by St. Peter's), was badly overmanned when it faced Bradley, the Missouri Valley runner-up. It certainly looked that way, too, when the Braves, with smooth 6'6" Joe Allen dealing deftly off a low post and Al Smith and L. C. Bowen pinching in jumpers, led 41-36 at the half. But the plucky Blackbirds hung on. Whenever things appeared to be hopeless, Luther Green, a 6' 6½" jumping jack who scored 33 points, or Larry Newbold, a Little All-America guard who had 22, would come up with a basket or two. Suddenly LIU was ahead 67-65 with 5:15 to go. Green's three points in the last 44 seconds won it for the Blackbirds, setting off a wild mob scene. "We did it. The outlaws won!" crowed Coach Roy Rubin happily. "I'm delirious."

After that, Saturday night's games were an anticlimax. Fordham Coach Johnny Bach had worried about Duquesne's muscle, predicting, "We're going to have to fight for our lives off the boards." Actually the Rams started off as if they were going to run the Dukes right out of the Garden. They controlled the boards and Bill Langfield soon had them ahead 26-13. But then Fordham got

sloppy and, before it was over, the Rams had to beat Duquesne's late press to win 69-60.

West Virginia brought a brassy jazz band, dressed in flashy blue-and-white striped blazers, and four perky young go-go dancers into New York to inspire its team and, for a while, it worked. The Mountaineers, operating out of a 2-3 zone, led Dayton 33-32 after 15 minutes. Then the Flyers broke up the zone by putting Dan Sadler on a high post, moving 6' 10" Dan Dvorac underneath and feeding him for layups. Meanwhile Don May ranged around the perimeter, plunking in soft jumpers. Dvorac, who had averaged 6.7 points a game, scored 30. May had 24 and Dayton coasted home 87-68.

THE SMALL COLLEGES

With LIU out of the NCAA college division tournament by choice, No. 2-ranked Kentucky Wesleyan, with 18 straight victories and a 25-3 record, was regarded as the favorite when the eight survivors of regional playoffs gathered in Evansville. There was even a home-town atmosphere for the Panthers. Kentucky Wesleyan fans, diligently waving Confederate flags, invaded in force from their campus 40 miles down the road in Dwellboro and cheered madly as their team rolled over American International 90-78 and then beat Ashland, the country's top defensive team, at its own game, 45-32.

But Indiana State, which had earned its way into the finals by taking Nevada Southern 94-75 and Trinity of Texas 77-67, jumped to a 10-0 lead at the start and led 30-23 at the half before a full house of 13,602 in Roberts Municipal Stadium. Then George Tinsley, a 6' 5" junior who scored 21 points, and Dallas Thornton got Kentucky Wesleyan going and the Panthers won 63-52. What happened to them at half time? Coach Bob Daniels, a large (6' 7" and 230 pounds) mid-mannered man, explained. "There was a lot of hollering and screaming by one guy—me. I told them they had to play better defense, chase 'em man-to-man all over the court." Sounds good, but Daniels' wife Gayle can't imagine him hollering and screaming. "He won't even argue with me," she insists.

The NAIA tournament in Kansas City was like a nightmare. It was only natural that, with 32 teams on hand for the fun, there would be some unexpected casualties. But it was a shock when Oklahoma (W. Va.) a rank underdog, upset top-seeded Guilford (N.C.) 80-78 in the first round. Then Oklahoma was beaten by unseeded Fairmont (W. Va.) 76-74 in the semifinals. That put the Falcons into the final with third-seeded Central State of Wilberforce, Ohio, which had whipped Westminster (Pa.) 72-51.

Fairmont gave the Marauders a run for the championship, forcing a 44-44 tie with 5:21 to go. But Central regained the lead and Robert Moore's free throw with two seconds left clinched a 51-48 victory. **END**

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

TIMID AND TERRIFIED

Sirs:

William Johnson's article (*The Timid Generation*, March 11) certainly speaks to the college generation of today. Externally we are timid and reserved. Yet underneath this facade we are thinking, examining and questioning—not just quietly assimilating.

Congratulations for printing an article that combines both brawn and brains—the combination demanded more and more at the collegiate sports level.

STEVE MCCONNELL

Lewishurg, Pa

Sirs:

William Johnson seemed on the brink of discovering—but didn't quite make it—that a huge majority of American college students are keeping their cool despite the world's woes.

President Knight is doubtless right that Duke students abhor violence, as do all civilized people, but there are those who might wish that Mike Lewis and his muscular basketball mates would get the word. They come down on you hard.

V F LYON

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

The *Timid Generation* is indeed more typical of American youth than the *New Left*. The fact is that the American pursuit of worldly success has encroached more and more upon the school years. The rat race now begins in first grade, and it certainly dominates the "golden college years."

The pressure probably is worst in schools like Duke, those just below the Ivy pinnacle. The Ivy students have at least made it, in some sense, but the second echelon knows no rest and must, with less ability, strive to meet the rising expectations of college administrators who are themselves scrambling after the Ivys.

You are to be commended for putting sport in a social perspective. Its decline as a matter of serious concern on campus is one barometer of the excessive demands being placed on a growing proportion of American students in other regards.

LAWRENCE M. MEAD III

Cambridge, Mass

Sirs:

Frankly, I find it not in the realm of a sports magazine to comment on the comparative social, academic and creative merits of any university. Author Johnson has

presented to your readers an outsider's view of the situation that only can be experienced from the inside.

In my opinion, SI has taken advantage of its prestige in the journalism field. In presuming to judge Duke's relation to the atmosphere of college campuses from Berkeley to Cambridge, you are as out of line as an educational journal would be in selecting the best spokes of 1968.

Hopefully, in June 1970, I will receive a degree from Duke as my father did 30 years ago. I am sure, however, that Duke University will continue to have, as it has since then, a student body whose degree of "detachment" is such that the university will grow in both achievement and acclaim, "self-conscious beauty" and "rush-order origins" notwithstanding. And Mr. Rubin and the basketball team will continue to be impressive, whether your magazine chooses to publicize it or not.

MARK LUCAS

Durham, N C

Sirs:

It seems to me who knows something of both sides of the situation at Duke that *The Timid Generation* is a conglomerate of censored facts and rash generalizations.

If, indeed, Duke's athletic standards have declined in recent years, an idea which the article failed to support honestly or substantially, it is only a result of Duke's striving to achieve a higher academic standard, a goal which, incidentally, Duke appears to be reasonably successful in attaining.

As for Duke's students' seeming docility, it truly would seem strange that any group of young people could be satisfied with their surroundings. Apparently Dr. Press cannot survive intellectually in the absence of constant turmoil on campus. When and where, then, is the work to be done? The university is to be neither an athletic box office, nor a seething cauldron of protest, but a creative user of parts of each in conjunction with a firm program of scholastic development. Perhaps Dr. Press is not altogether aware of what students are doing to integrate these aspects of education at Duke, let alone the efforts of the rest of the faculty and the administration. "Marches alone won't win this battle," baby.

THOMAS R. KNIGHT

Durham, N C

Sirs:

And what is Editor Johnson's *Timid Generation*? Is it a generation anticipating a

continued

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19TH HOLE *continued*

greeting from Lieut. General Hershey's Selective Service? Is it a generation waiting to wage an undefined war in Southeast Asia? Is it a generation that can visualize the possible annihilation of the entire human race?

No, Mr. Johnson, this generation isn't timid. It's terrified.

GERALD A. RUBINFELD

New York City

DISABLED BODIES

Sirs:

As sports fans, we can agree with your stand ("A Matter of Definition," *SCORECARD*, March 11) that a scientific definition of sex may not be the only criterion for determining whether an individual may compete as a female in the Olympics. But, as medical students, we cannot accept the explanation of the sex test.

Since the number of Barr bodies is equal to the number of X chromosomes minus one, a buccal smear would only show one Barr body in a normal female. Secondly, a normal female has only 46 chromosomes, 23 pairs including the X chromosomes, not 48 as reported.

If, indeed, the finding of two Barr bodies were used as the criterion for femaleness, the coes who passed this test most probably would be, genetically speaking, "superfemales" (XXX), a term which, we are sure, Avery Brundage would say "smacks of professionalism."

If the scientific accuracy of your magazine is any reflection of that of the International Olympic Committee's medical commission, we feel that Mrs. Klobotnikowa deserves another chance.

DAVID A. ROSENFIELD

JOHN J. FREY

The Medical School
Northwestern University

Chicago

YALL CORN

Sirs:

Thank you for a fine article (*A Winner Where the Yall Corn Grows*, March 11) about our exciting Hawkeyes at the University of Iowa.

With quick, hustling men like Sam Williams, Huston Breedlove, Dick Jensen, Ron Norman and the sophs from Pennsylvania, and with Coach Ralph Miller, Hawkeye fans kept the faith this season, even when your so-called experts picked them to have the "miracles." If this season is a taste of the miracles you so ruefully predicted, here's hoping the Hawkeyes will have the miracles for a good long time to come.

GARY C. GEDENKT

Iowa City, Iowa

Sirs:

So Iowa Coach Ralph Miller says there isn't more than one Iowa high school play-

er over 6' 6". If we at Sacram Lake High School started our five tallest boys, we would average a little over 6' 6".

GLEN KIRKPATRICK

Sacram Lake, Iowa

MARCHING ON PRETORIA

Sirs:

Your story on the terribly important issues confronting the 1968 Olympics (*A Bad Week for Mr. B*, March 11) mentions the fact that the International Olympic Committee voted by a majority for the entrance of South Africa into the 1968 Games.

As an American, I would like to know how my country voted in the balloting. Thousands of my countrymen and myself donate funds for the support of the U.S. Olympic team, and I think it only right that we know where our money is going and how it is being spent, especially when issues like discrimination and apartheid are involved.

DONALD F. BATES

Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

Mr. Brundage evidently holds the view that the Olympics can and should exist outside the realm of today's social and political conditions. It should be obvious to all that in these troubled times no aspect of human endeavor—not sports, not art, not entertainment, not science—can take priority over the situation that threatens all of civilization, namely, man's treatment of his fellow man.

While the nonwhite South African might be permitted to compete in the Olympics as an equal, the day he returns to his homeland he again would be victimized by the horrid system of apartheid, classified as a subhuman and be relegated, perhaps until the next Olympiad, to a modified form of slavery.

The IOC and the sports world in general should recognize that athletes do not exist in a vacuum. In 1936 Avery Brundage failed to speak out. He has been given a second chance in 1968. I would hope that this time he recognizes that there is more at stake than who can run the fastest.

STUART LEWENGRIE

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs:

Whether we like Mr. Brundage or not, or agree with the domineering positions he has taken as head of the International Olympic Committee, we should recognize that he is a man whose high principles cannot be shaken. If it were not for his "unswervingly obstinate years" probably the Olympics would have degenerated long before this.

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In north central Kentucky, Jacob Beam found clean iron-free water—water that came from limestone springs considered the very finest. Beam set out to make Bourbon in this rolling country; and he added his own special ingredient: pride.

Six Generation Formula

The pride of this first Beam

distiller has been carried through six generations, now. Every glass of today's Beam Bourbon holds the best from nature and the pride that was passed on from Jacob to David to David M. to Colonel James to T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years.

All those Beams have rested their case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON—Word from the Kremlin today has startled the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered the only true American spirit. And the world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekankoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that the famous Beam formula is nothing more than a copy of the Chekankoff stuff.

However, they did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

GRAVEL SWITZERLAND—When the world's oldest jug band performed last night at the Hall, all eyes were on band member Dan Daisey.

Reason: Instinctively, Daisey played the Beam bottle. He preferred the Beam bottle to the square-shaped "groovy" sound. There was imitation that the Beam bottle would sound like a jug anywhere.

They were in the woods near the main thoroughfare, but

POOF PROOF

In the old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of whiskey. They poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A bright flare of flame meant the whiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them the whiskey was just about right.

Nowadays, of course, all you have to do is look at the label says cause 86 proof people prefer.

figure alcohol y'dive proof by two. But remember the proof is not always quality.

Coast

your next party your knowledge of international language in America we have "Bot" course, the



JIM BEAM BOURBON— MAKING NEWS SINCE 1795

CLERMONT, KY.—173 years ago Jacob Beam started making Beam Bourbon here in Kentucky. It is still being made here today. And still by the Beams.

Along with inspired skills, the making of a Bourbon like Beam requires an unusual combination of land, climate and natural materials. And it's all here, in north central Kentucky.

There's the ancient, underlying limestone springs that supply sweet, clear water—a vital ingredient in the making of fine Bourbon.

The rich, fertile, surrounding valleys and plains provide

Fresh Charred Oak

And here's the great oak, nearly. It's in this ear of wood, the all-takes place. The Beam Bourbon much to do and in form more to as for over Beams will. Walk the water in the Kentucky hills. It's far from notice, if you're acquainted



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GO AHEAD. MAKE ENEMIES! You'll be the most hated man on the water when you show up in your new 19' Volero 197 daycruiser. Owners of other boats will admire—and envy—the deep-vee Volero's handsome lines. Seamer over to your Larson dealer and see all the factory-installed extras, including pilot seats, twin bunks, and vented skyliff windshield.

19' Volero Comboard w/120 h.p.—\$4746 (21' Volero Comboard w/120 h.p.—\$5295)

"SHE'S STEALING THE BOAT SHOWS" is the report on our 17' Volero 177. One glance is enough . . . she's a once-in-a-decade classic. Just ask a Volero owner about the wave-cutting deep-vee hull—he'll tell you that it gives the smoothest ride ever!

Our new '88 outboard version has many factory-installed features and costs just \$1595 (Comboard w/120 h.p.—\$3895).



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Buy her now, before we're sold out

Come Spring, the Larson you were thinking of buying may already be sold. Larson is today's hot brand. That's why Larson sales have grown about 100% since 1966.

Everyone seems to be catching on to the boat buying facts. Larson has broken the price barrier with year around volume production with a steady group of craftsmen. In fact, we're now the world's largest builder of fiberglass boats.

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*World's largest builder of
fiberglass runabouts*



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Drive safely. It's also contagious.

Dodge



This is the Coronet 500 wagon

that has a two-way tailgate...

which makes it as easy to handle people as it is parcels or potted palms. What it also has is plenty of room, deep foam-padded seats, carpets on the floor, great looking simulated wood-grain side panels that swish clean with a damp rag, a zippy 318-cubic-inch V8 that thrives on regular gas, and a habit of treating passengers luxuriously.



a magic window that cleans itself...

(Optional, of course.) Touch a button, and your dirty rear window disappears into the door. Press another button, and it is washed, neatly dried, ready to be raised again in seconds. So relax, tune in the stereo, adjust the power seat, set the automatic speed control, and get ready for some of the easiest highway cruising you've ever known. These options and more can make your Coronet 500 just as luxurious as you want it.



and a price that lets you put on air.

No joke: Coronet 500 is priced just about enough below comparably equipped Impala and Galaxie 500 wagons to let you start thinking about optional

air conditioning. * Airtemp keeps you cool in summer, warm in winter, and shuts out road noises. (No wonder they call Coronet 500 the welcome wagon.)

Another beautiful way to get...

DODGE fever



*Based on a comparison of Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices as of January 15, 1968.